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JUNE 29, 1939

America's National Sports Weekly

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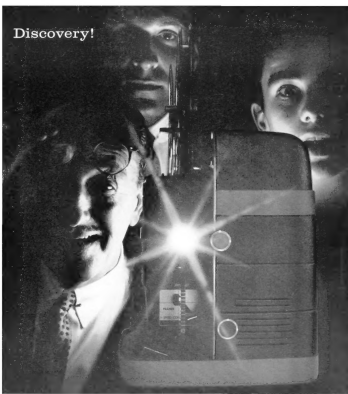
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Cover: Golden Eagle ▶

This imposing specimen with powerful outstretched wings and sharp talons has lived "free in captivity" for five years. For other rare pictures of him in color, turn to page 22.

Photograph by David Goodson



Next week

THE BIG FIGHT

▶ You will be able to relive the highlights of the heavyweight championship fight at ringside with Martin Kane—and see it all re-created in a series of dramatic pictures.

▶ On the eve of the Honolulu yacht race, a *Panorama* by Carlotta Blomstedt and Mort Lund plots, in nautical drawings, details of the rejuvenated *Nanook*, which sailed win.

▶ Beginning the story of an ocean fight with Finn Mac Connel, and his own story of how he set his nanook record, "The greatest solo fight performance since Lindbergh's."

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The astonishing maneuver of the magnificent American bird, in color by David Goodson

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Just see who's ready to back a new baseball team, in a third league, in New York

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With pistol and disc, the cream of the 8-to-14-year-old crop show Dad how

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Handsome Rocky Colanin, hero of Cleveland's hobby-scars, in a two-page color photograph

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Lost for the most of the water

Pennsylvania



Figure 1 The authors' illustration

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MEMO *from the publisher*

ON THE 4th of July a shining fleet of several dozen yachts, schooners, ketches, sloops and cutters will head out from Los Angeles for Honolulu, as it does every other year. Among the entries in this 21st running of the longest continually scheduled ocean race in the world will be A. B. Robbs Jr.'s *Non Solus*; a veteran of 24 years' racing, she is perhaps the most remarkable of all the contenders. Two decades after her launching at Marblehead she was unquestionably a competitive medianizer, in 1933 ran third in the Honolulu race, in 1935 22nd. But in 1947 she finished first in Class A, third over-all, last year she won the Ensenada race, and on the eve of this year's Honolulu must be reckoned as a favorite in the western sailing classic.

From a distance all she seems a sight of simple beauty. With *New Song* this impression is especially deceiving. Supporting her solo, but visible only at close quarters, is a rapping as original and complicated as ever put out to sea. It's made her what she is today—a formidable rapping machine whose unprecedented refinements comprise more lines, windows and levers for her size (56 feet) than 500 of other ocean races.

New York's transformation began three years ago when Louis Nathans, then the owner, gave his sailing master Ed Grant a blank check to redevelop the bar.

Next week in its Honolulu Race Preview SPORTS ILLUSTRATED layout the complex beauty of what Grant, a mechanical engineer, has wrought.

[illegible]

Seven pages of illustration include a gulf-eye drawing of Naas Song over-all and detail drawings of her most noted elements.

The opportunity to reveal this invitational host in all its intricacy/attests to the hospitality of Owner Robbs. In April he reads *Nine Song* available to Writer Mart Land, Photographer Ezra Stoller and Artist Rolf Klop for what amounted to a nine-day "interview" with her—held both at her Long Beach mooring and on democratic runs.

Robert's humanity will not end there. Almond Nana Sang is observed when she sets sail on July 4 will be Contributing Editor Carleton Mitchell, whose report on the transpacific race will appear in the July 27 *Sevens* issue. Mitchell could hardly sail on a more appropriate boat: Just as the hull of his great-grandfather Pinckney became a model for many to copy, the rig of Nana Sang incorporates ideas which were once seen spread

Arthur Murphy

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Jimmy Jemai's HOTBOX



THE QUESTION: Has Los Angeles replaced New York as a sports center?



JACK DEMPSEY
Former heavyweight champion
New York and Los Angeles

After leaving the National League New York was well on its way to being a dead sports center, and I said so. The sports-writers took me apart for my statement. The town woke up and these same writers now have something to write about.



ROBERT F. WAGNER JR.
Mayor of
New York City

The loss of the Dodgers and Giants started that rumor. When sports people want to put on something really big they come to New York. The Patterson and Johnson fight, West Point and the Air Force Academy football game are cases in point.



BETTY SHELTON
Racing car driver
Detroit

Hardly, but I'm inclined to give the edge to Los Angeles because of the tremendous sports crowds. In Los Angeles I go to athletic events often but hardly ever in New York because there are so many other wonderful things to do.

continued

In Chicago



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HOTBOX continued



**VICE-ADMIRAL
THOMAS S. JONES**
*Commander
Eastern Sea Frontier*

No, I've been to a good many places in my naval career, and I've never seen a city that was a greater sports center than New York. However, among the millions here in New York it's a pity there aren't more sports facilities. As an example, why doesn't New York have a stadium like Philadelphia?



GEORGE MURPHY
*Vice-president, Decca
Productions Inc.,
Beverly Hills, Calif.*

As a transplanted New Yorker who has lived in California for 28 years, I fully realize the potential of Los Angeles. But New York is not finished as a sports center by any means. It's still tops even though the town has lost two baseball teams. It will get another major league club in time.



**ARTHUR
SULZBERGER**
*Executive sports editor
San Francisco
Chronicle*

No, but I'd give Los Angeles the edge. There is a racing center of sports in the United States. No one city is the center. There are times when it's New York, Chicago or San Francisco, depending on what's doing. This is a big country. More times than not in recent years, Los Angeles is the sports center.



MORRIS FOULDES
Mayor of Los Angeles

Yes, not only sports but almost everything else is moving west. As an example, ocean-going ships will now go as far as Chicago. People are only now beginning to appreciate the wisdom attributed to Horace Greeley, "Go west, young man." We have the biggest attractions in football, baseball and track.



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faces in the crowd . . .



Keith Hernandez, general manager of the New York Yankees, is the only player to have won the MVP award in both 1977 and 1978. He is also the only player to have won the MVP award in both 1977 and 1978.



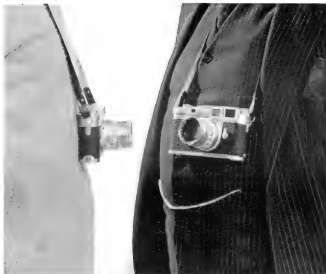
Steve Carlton, pitcher, won the MVP award in 1971, 1972, and 1973. He is also the only pitcher to have won the MVP award in both 1971 and 1972.



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Steve Carlton, pitcher, won the MVP award in 1971, 1972, and 1973. He is also the only pitcher to have won the MVP award in both 1971 and 1972.



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BASEBALL'S WEEK

10:10 AM

DOI: 10.1002/for

There hasn't been this much fun and excitement in the American League in years. At one point last week, only one and a half games separated first place from fifth. The Cleveland Indians, who swept seven in a row and then blew three straight, managed to hang in there on the giddy pricing of old-timer Hal Naper. There were two complete games, including a big one over the Yankees. The Chicago White Sox relapsed with a lead for want of a pinch hitter. It was the same old story as the Sox, in losing five straight, left 42 men on base. Single-digger Nipper Sox, hitting second behind Ray Apapirio, was the team's leading RBI man. "Keep Joe and Apapirio off the bases," said Casey Stengel, "and that team is done." The Baltimore Orioles have been with a batch of unexpected home runs right, received their usual strong pitching—two Ray Futatsumi—and won four in a row to climb within one game of first. But two unexpected losses by Hoyt Wilhelm cut page 14. kept the team from advancing any further. The Detroit Tigers' drive toward the top showed signs for the first time in a month. But in the three games they won last week, the team came from behind each time, a track easily missing in past seasons. "Things aren't better these guys," commented Manager Dwyer. "They're as low as they can get." Well, the New York Yankees almost did it. Banning off five straight, they lost the White Sox and Indians, they made up 2½ more games and could have jumped from fifth to first by the end of the week. But a double-header loss to the Indians on Sunday set them back, momentarily. The Boston Red Sox suddenly resembled the collar—for a day—with their

STARS OF THE SEASIDE

Table 1

© 2001 Blackwell Science Ltd *Journal of Internal Medicine* 250: 105–112

Career wins	Wilkeson, 104; B. J.	Four, 111
Complete games	Peacock, 10; B. J.	Harbottle, 14
ERA per game	Peacock, 1.69	Harbottle, 2.7
Strike out games	Harbottle, 10	Wilkeson, 10
ERA per game	Four, 1.69	Harbottle, 2.7
Strike out games	Wilkeson, 10; B. J.	Four, 111

1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 26

Team	Rank	Points	Goals	Assists	Points	Rank	Points	Goals	Assists
1. New York Rangers	1	100	10	10	100	1	100	10	10
2. New York Islanders	2	90	9	9	90	2	90	9	9
3. New York Jets	3	80	8	8	80	3	80	8	8
4. New York Giants	4	70	7	7	70	4	70	7	7
5. New York Yankees	5	60	6	6	60	5	60	6	6
6. New York Liberty	6	50	5	5	50	6	50	5	5
7. New York Knicks	7	40	4	4	40	7	40	4	4
8. New York Bulls	8	30	3	3	30	8	30	3	3
9. New York Nets	9	20	2	2	20	9	20	2	2
10. New York Stars	10	10	1	1	10	10	10	1	1

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

Most wins	Doverton 4 (1)	Sam Armstrong 4-00
Fastest lap	Doverton 4-00	Sam Armstrong 4-00
Most laps	Kansas City 9 (2)	Ed Lewis 8-00
Fastest lap	Doverton 4-00	Sam Armstrong 4-00
Most wins	Washington 1 (2)	Walter Johnson 1-00

best-scoring hitting attack of the year. Led by Vic Mignone (two hits, six RBIs in two games), the Sox played up 24 runs, winning three straight. And, just as suddenly, the pitching started to jell as Tom Brewer and Jerry Casale pitched back-to-back complete-game wins for the second straight time. The Kansas City Athletics, who were within a game and a half of first just three weeks ago, lost seven in a row and slid completely down to far more second-

TABLE 1

[illegible]

The Washington Senators dropped home runs (tops in majors with 58) at a rate calculated to set a new league record. By the way, they won five out of seven.

[illegible]

1992-1993, 1993-1994, 1994-1995, 1995-1996, 1996-1997, 1997-1998, 1998-1999, 1999-2000, 2000-2001, 2001-2002, 2002-2003, 2003-2004, 2004-2005, 2005-2006, 2006-2007, 2007-2008, 2008-2009, 2009-2010, 2010-2011, 2011-2012, 2012-2013, 2013-2014, 2014-2015, 2015-2016, 2016-2017, 2017-2018, 2018-2019, 2019-2020, 2020-2021, 2021-2022, 2022-2023, 2023-2024, 2024-2025, 2025-2026, 2026-2027, 2027-2028, 2028-2029, 2029-2030, 2030-2031, 2031-2032, 2032-2033, 2033-2034, 2034-2035, 2035-2036, 2036-2037, 2037-2038, 2038-2039, 2039-2040, 2040-2041, 2041-2042, 2042-2043, 2043-2044, 2044-2045, 2045-2046, 2046-2047, 2047-2048, 2048-2049, 2049-2050, 2050-2051, 2051-2052, 2052-2053, 2053-2054, 2054-2055, 2055-2056, 2056-2057, 2057-2058, 2058-2059, 2059-2060, 2060-2061, 2061-2062, 2062-2063, 2063-2064, 2064-2065, 2065-2066, 2066-2067, 2067-2068, 2068-2069, 2069-2070, 2070-2071, 2071-2072, 2072-2073, 2073-2074, 2074-2075, 2075-2076, 2076-2077, 2077-2078, 2078-2079, 2079-2080, 2080-2081, 2081-2082, 2082-2083, 2083-2084, 2084-2085, 2085-2086, 2086-2087, 2087-2088, 2088-2089, 2089-2090, 2090-2091, 2091-2092, 2092-2093, 2093-2094, 2094-2095, 2095-2096, 2096-2097, 2097-2098, 2098-2099, 2099-2100, 2100-2101, 2101-2102, 2102-2103, 2103-2104, 2104-2105, 2105-2106, 2106-2107, 2107-2108, 2108-2109, 2109-2110, 2110-2111, 2111-2112, 2112-2113, 2113-2114, 2114-2115, 2115-2116, 2116-2117, 2117-2118, 2118-2119, 2119-2120, 2120-2121, 2121-2122, 2122-2123, 2123-2124, 2124-2125, 2125-2126, 2126-2127, 2127-2128, 2128-2129, 2129-2130, 2130-2131, 2131-2132, 2132-2133, 2133-2134, 2134-2135, 2135-2136, 2136-2137, 2137-2138, 2138-2139, 2139-2140, 2140-2141, 2141-2142, 2142-2143, 2143-2144, 2144-2145, 2145-2146, 2146-2147, 2147-2148, 2148-2149, 2149-2150, 2150-2151, 2151-2152, 2152-2153, 2153-2154, 2154-2155, 2155-2156, 2156-2157, 2157-2158, 2158-2159, 2159-2160, 2160-2161, 2161-2162, 2162-2163, 2163-2164, 2164-2165, 2165-2166, 2166-2167, 2167-2168, 2168-2169, 2169-2170, 2170-2171, 2171-2172, 2172-2173, 2173-2174, 2174-2175, 2175-2176, 2176-2177, 2177-2178, 2178-2179, 2179-2180, 2180-2181, 2181-2182, 2182-2183, 2183-2184, 2184-2185, 2185-2186, 2186-2187, 2187-2188, 2188-2189, 2189-2190, 2190-2191, 2191-2192, 2192-2193, 2193-2194, 2194-2195, 2195-2196, 2196-2197, 2197-2198, 2198-2199, 2199-2200, 2200-2201, 2201-2202, 2202-2203, 2203-2204, 2204-2205, 2205-2206, 2206-2207, 2207-2208, 2208-2209, 2209-2210, 2210-2211, 2211-2212, 2212-2213, 2213-2214, 2214-2215, 2215-2216, 2216-2217, 2217-2218, 2218-2219, 2219-2220, 2220-2221, 2221-2222, 2222-2223, 2223-2224, 2224-2225, 2225-2226, 2226-2227, 2227-2228, 2228-2229, 2229-2230, 2230-2231, 2231-2232, 2232-2233, 2233-2234, 2234-2235, 2235-2236, 2236-2237, 2237-2238, 2238-2239, 2239-2240, 2240-2241, 2241-2242, 2242-2243, 2243-2244, 2244-2245, 2245-2246, 2246-2247, 2247-2248, 2248-2249, 2249-2250, 2250-2251, 2251-2252, 2252-2253, 2253-2254, 2254-2255, 2255-2256, 2256-2257, 2257-2258, 2258-2259, 2259-2260, 2260-2261, 2261-2262, 2262-2263, 2263-2264, 2264-2265, 2265-2266, 2266-2267, 2267-2268, 2268-2269, 2269-2270, 2270-2271, 2271-2272, 2272-2273, 2273-2274, 2274-2275, 2275-2276, 2276-2277, 2277-2278, 2278-2279, 2279-2280, 2280-2281, 2281-2282, 2282-2283, 2283-2284, 2284-2285, 2285-2286, 2286-2287, 2287-2288, 2288-2289, 2289-2290, 2290-2291, 2291-2292, 2292-2293, 2293-2294, 2294-2295, 2295-2296, 2296-2297, 2297-2298, 2298-2299, 2299-2300, 2300-2301, 2301-2302, 2302-2303, 2303-2304, 2304-2305, 2305-2306, 2306-2307, 2307-2308, 2308-2309, 2309-2310, 2310-2311, 2311-2312, 2312-2313, 2313-2314, 2314-2315, 2315-2316, 2316-2317, 2317-2318, 2318-2319, 2319-2320, 2320-2321, 2321-2322, 2322-2323, 2323-2324, 2324-2325, 2325-2326, 2326-2327, 2327-2328, 2328-2329, 2329-2330, 2330-2331, 2331-2332, 2332-2333, 2333-2334, 2334-2335, 2335-2336, 2336-2337, 2337-2338, 2338-2339, 2339-2340, 2340-2341, 2341-2342, 2342-2343, 2343-2344, 2344-2345, 2345-2346, 2346-2347, 2347-2348, 2348-2349, 2349-2350, 2350-2351, 2351-2352, 2352-2353, 2353-2354, 2354-2355, 2355-2356, 2356-2357, 2357-2358, 2358-2359, 2359-2360, 2360-2361, 2361-2362, 2362-2363, 2363-2364, 23

The *Millwaukee Braves'* surprising skid last 11 out of 17 games—now the team drop out of the lead for the first time since early May. Hitting, which had been the *Braves'* strong suit all season, was practically nonexistent. And with the hitting falling off, the lack of a second second baseman became more of ailing. *Braves* have tried no far three last week and collectively they were hitting .385. But Aaron and Co. started hanging the ball again and the *Braves* jumped quickly back into first. The *San Francisco Giants*, taking advantage of the "jet stream" blowing from right to left, field in *Seale Stadium* ("You can't take your eye off the ball a minute," said Willie Mays, "If you do, it's shifted 30 feet on you.") romped briefly into first place. Manager Rigney solved his bullpen problem, for the moment at least, by using Sam Jones in relief when he wasn't starting. "You've got a good thing when you've got somebody who can come in and strike somebody out," beamed Rigney, after Jones saved an important game. The *Pittsburgh Pirates*, who have been humiliated by the



TOWNSMANS of Bill White (left) and Don Black spotted the classic Ford Mustang. White had 18 hrs.

Jarvis at various times to key regulars (Simmons, Clements, Burgess, Stuart, Warrand, last week, Matthews) now thickly staked in good position. Without the incredible Hay Race, though, the D-race would be in trouble. He saved his 25th game and won his 11th in a row. The big stretch Dodgers, who seem to have learned at last to live with the Coliseum, banged out 72 hits in winning five games out of seven. Better yet, the five wins were lunk-b, complete-game performances by Dan Gilewski (twice), Sandy Kousser, Harry Moffatt and Royce Crale (that resulted from the misad-

The 40-home 'club' hitting which never has been broken this year and falling six errors in two games, collapsed; the team, leveled at the .500 mark for the third time this season, The St. Louis Cardinals again placed the best ball in the league—11 hits in 12 games. The key has been good hitting (first in team average). Manager Hoenigke is good about things that he took himself off the active list, despite a fine pinch-hitting record. "The old list I got a good pitch on by while trying to think of my next move in the game decided me," said Hoenigke. The only necessity of salary last week for the slumping Cincinnati Reds was the pitching of Don Newcombe the man then, giving him more in complete game wins in a row) and, at last, the long-distance slugging of Frank Thomas, the pure off the bench and hit two home runs. Four straight losses plagued the team closer to the last-place Philadelphia Phillies, who continued to get only occasional flashes of good hitting and pitching.

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	Mean Devoted	Loge median Devoted	Loge Mean Devoted
NON-CLERGY LEADERS			
Andrew West (1993)	13	28	30
James Mac (1989)	44	38	34
Robert Mac (1994)	38	31	32
Alan Lee (1984)	40	34	35
Agnes Chan (1988)	49	29	37
PROFESSIONAL SERVICES			
Thomas Kim (1984)	11	38	34
Caroline SF (1984)	49	42	45
Henry Lee (1988)	57	38	49
Thomas Lee (1988)	49	40	45
James Lee (1989)	49	42	45

The Journal of Law, Economics, & Organization, V16 N1

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COMING EVENTS

June 26 to July 2

(includes R.A.T.)

• Color Material • Television • Network radio

Friday, June 26

MEETING (cont.)
Light refreshment, New York American Museum of Natural History, N.Y., 10:00 a.m. (R.A.T.)

PROGRAM
• Dinner at Chicago, 6:30 p.m. (cont.)
• Dinner, New York, 7:30 p.m. (R.A.T.)

WHEEL CHAIRS (cont.)
• Evening luncheon, 11:00 a.m. (R.A.T.)

WHEEL CHAIRS
• Dinner, New York, 7:30 p.m. (R.A.T.)
• Dinner, New York, 7:30 p.m. (R.A.T.)
• Dinner, New York, 7:30 p.m. (R.A.T.)

WHEEL CHAIRS
• Dinner, New York, 7:30 p.m. (R.A.T.)
• Dinner, New York, 7:30 p.m. (R.A.T.)
• Dinner, New York, 7:30 p.m. (R.A.T.)

Saturday, June 27

WHEEL CHAIRS
• Dinner, New York, 7:30 p.m. (R.A.T.)
• Dinner, New York, 7:30 p.m. (R.A.T.)

WHEEL CHAIRS
• Dinner, New York, 7:30 p.m. (R.A.T.)
• Dinner, New York, 7:30 p.m. (R.A.T.)

WHEEL CHAIRS
• Dinner, New York, 7:30 p.m. (R.A.T.)
• Dinner, New York, 7:30 p.m. (R.A.T.)

WHEEL CHAIRS
• Dinner, New York, 7:30 p.m. (R.A.T.)
• Dinner, New York, 7:30 p.m. (R.A.T.)

Sunday, June 28

WHEEL CHAIRS
• Dinner, New York, 7:30 p.m. (R.A.T.)
• Dinner, New York, 7:30 p.m. (R.A.T.)

WHEEL CHAIRS
• Dinner, New York, 7:30 p.m. (R.A.T.)
• Dinner, New York, 7:30 p.m. (R.A.T.)

WHEEL CHAIRS
• Dinner, New York, 7:30 p.m. (R.A.T.)
• Dinner, New York, 7:30 p.m. (R.A.T.)

Monday, June 29

WHEEL CHAIRS
• Dinner, New York, 7:30 p.m. (R.A.T.)
• Dinner, New York, 7:30 p.m. (R.A.T.)

WHEEL CHAIRS
• Dinner, New York, 7:30 p.m. (R.A.T.)
• Dinner, New York, 7:30 p.m. (R.A.T.)

WHEEL CHAIRS
• Dinner, New York, 7:30 p.m. (R.A.T.)
• Dinner, New York, 7:30 p.m. (R.A.T.)

Tuesday, June 30

WHEEL CHAIRS
• Dinner, New York, 7:30 p.m. (R.A.T.)
• Dinner, New York, 7:30 p.m. (R.A.T.)

WHEEL CHAIRS
• Dinner, New York, 7:30 p.m. (R.A.T.)
• Dinner, New York, 7:30 p.m. (R.A.T.)

Wednesday, July 1

WHEEL CHAIRS
• Dinner, New York, 7:30 p.m. (R.A.T.)
• Dinner, New York, 7:30 p.m. (R.A.T.)

WHEEL CHAIRS
• Dinner, New York, 7:30 p.m. (R.A.T.)
• Dinner, New York, 7:30 p.m. (R.A.T.)

WHEEL CHAIRS
• Dinner, New York, 7:30 p.m. (R.A.T.)
• Dinner, New York, 7:30 p.m. (R.A.T.)

WHEEL CHAIRS
• Dinner, New York, 7:30 p.m. (R.A.T.)
• Dinner, New York, 7:30 p.m. (R.A.T.)

WHEEL CHAIRS
• Dinner, New York, 7:30 p.m. (R.A.T.)
• Dinner, New York, 7:30 p.m. (R.A.T.)

Thursday, July 2

WHEEL CHAIRS
• Dinner, New York, 7:30 p.m. (R.A.T.)
• Dinner, New York, 7:30 p.m. (R.A.T.)

WHEEL CHAIRS
• Dinner, New York, 7:30 p.m. (R.A.T.)
• Dinner, New York, 7:30 p.m. (R.A.T.)

* See local listing

Hear the big, brilliant tone of this new Zenith
—the most powerful pocket radio of its size!

Up to 300% more sensitivity from Zenith's specially designed circuit. New inverted cone speaker for richer, fuller tone. Vernier precision tuning; Wavemagnet® antenna. Nonbreakable nylon case in maroon, white or ebony. **Model 500 D, \$75.**



More tone, more power, more sensitivity in these new all-transistor radios, too!

- [illegible]



ZENITH

The quality goes in
before the name goes on

NOBODY HITS IT

Scientist and artist join with baseball experts to analyze, for the first time, Hoyt Wilhelm's mysterious pitch

by ROY TERRELL

ONE OF THE pitching sensations of the 1959 major league season is a 25-year-old cotton farmer from North Carolina who throws a baseball for the Baltimore Orioles in such a way as to make strong batters weep with frustration and to cause his own star catcher to fall on his reddened face in frequently futile efforts to perform his primary duty, *i.e.*, catching the ball.

The name of the pitcher is Hoyt Wilhelm, and his enraculating pitch is called a "knuckle ball," although knuckles actually have nothing to do with this diabolical success. Wilhelm uses it with such effect that he won his first nine games, allowing belabored opponents less than one earned run a game, making him the most efficient pitcher in baseball. Included in the nine victories were three over the Yankees, three shutouts and a one-hitter.

Rocky Bridges, the tobacco-chewing shortstop of the Tigers, has been attacking the rest of the league's pitchers at a .304 clip—but hasn't been able to do a thing with Wilhelm. "It's like swinging at a goody ball," he says with a mixture of admiration and resignation. "I just close my eyes and hope."

"I'm glad," says Yogi Berra, "that there's only one of him in the league. If everybody threw a knucker, there wouldn't be a .200 hitter in baseball."

What then is a knuckle ball and why doesn't every pitcher throw one if it is so devilishly devastating?

In the first place, it isn't a knuckle ball at all. "It's a finger-tip ball, not a knucker," says Wilhelm, display-

ing carefully filed-down nails on his index and middle fingers. Wilhelm grips the ball with his thumb and the very tip of these two fingers (*see detailed illustration on opposite page*) and let's it with a relatively easy side-arm motion. From that point on neither he, nor the batter, nor his own catcher knows what course it is going to take. For most of 60 feet 6 inches of its journey to the plate the ball does nothing much but float easily and almost enticingly toward the expectant batter. This, as it turns out, is only a shy come-on, for suddenly it begins to bob and weave like Floyd Patterson moving in to throw a left hook. It wobbles, it flutters. It dances and dips. And then, finally, it darts dizzily off in one direction or another—sometimes down, sometimes sideways, occasionally even up—while the batter bludgeons the air and the catcher makes his frantic lunge.

The knuckle ball, or variations of it, has been used for years, but only a few pitchers have been able to control the thing with any reasonable degree of success. Included in the list are such storied masters of the pitch as Dutch Leonard, Ted Lyons, Pat Freddie Fitzsimmons, Eddie Rommel, Roger Wolf—and now Hoyt Wilhelm. Today there are pitchers in Wilhelm's own league, like Early Wynn and Frank Lary and Tom Staudt, who use the knucker as an occasional spot pitch, a change of pace from their usual assortment of curves and fast balls. But Wilhelm throws it all the time. Bud Daley of the Kansas City Athletics might be tempted to do likewise, for he has an excellent knucker

too, except Daley hasn't yet solved the problem of getting it consistently over the plate.

Wilhelm has been a knuckle-ball pitcher since he was 18, and this, finally, is the secret of his success. He has thrown enough of them and worked at it long and hard enough to be able to control the pitch. And this year, for the first time, he has been a regular starter, with the opportunity of smoothing out the imperfections which always seem to arise when a pitcher doesn't get to work often or long enough.

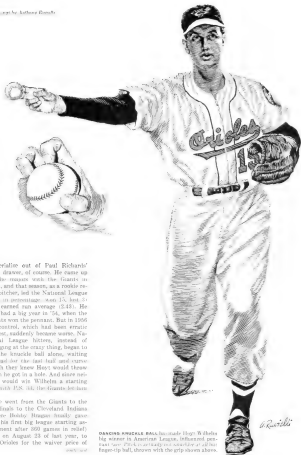
YOU CAN'T EVEN CATCH IT

"That's the story," says Paul Richards, who manages Wilhelm and the Orioles when not answering questions about why Hoyt is suddenly such a success. "Nobody can hit a good knuckle ball. Heck, hardly anybody can even catch one. So if you get it over the plate, you get them out. That's what Hoyt has been doing."

With the season not quite half completed, Wilhelm has learned to control the erratic behavior of his pitch to such an extent that it has been a factor in the pennant race, keeping the penniless Orioles in contention most of the way.

After winning nine straight he lost his next two, once when the Detroit Tigers caught him on a night when the wind was blowing in toward home plate—always disastrous to a breaking-ball pitcher—and again when the Kansas City Athletics decided the only way to hit the puzzling pitch was simply to stick out their bats and just meet the ball. But Wilhelm is 8-2, and his earned run average is so low that Hoyt's line in the statistical records on the Sunday sports page looks like the last line in the betting column.

Hoyt Wilhelm did not suddenly



waterfall out of Paul Richards' desk drawer, of course. He came up to the majors with the Giants in 1952, and that season, as a rookie relief pitcher, led the National League both in percentage—won 15, lost 3—and earned run average (2.43). He also had a big year in '54, when the Giants won the pennant. But in 1956 his control, which had been erratic at best, suddenly became worse. National League hitters, instead of swinging at the crazy thing, began to let the knuckle ball alone, waiting instead for the fast ball and curve which they knew Hoyt would throw when he got in a hole. And since neither would win Wilhelm a starting job with P.K. #1, the Giants let him go.

He went from the Giants to the Cardinals to the Cleveland Indians where Hobie Hughes finally gave him his first big league starting assignment after 333 games in relief; and, on August 23 of last year, to the Orioles for the waiver price of \$250,000.

DANCING KNUCKLE BALL: Invented by Hoyt Wilhelm, big winner in American League, influenced pennant race 1954, is as tricky and unpredictable as all four finger-tip ball, thrown with the grip shown above.



SHARP DOWNWARD BREAK, complete with instant variations, is trademark of most knuckle balls, usually occurs immediately after the batter is hopelessly committed in his swing. Knuckle which breaks too far in front of plate is seldom a strike, while one which breaks too late prevents hitters with nice, fat, baiting-reactive pitch.



UNUSUAL VARIATION is knuckle ball which rises or jumps up. Unlike Catcher Triandos says with Wilhelm this usually happens only with a letter-high pitch, does not occur too often. Manager Paul Richards says Branch Leonard is only other knuckle-ball pitcher he can remember who also had a ball that seemed to rise at the last moment.



BATTER'S VIEW shows that knuckle can only drop and then rise but does sideways trips, too. Simplest of these is one above, which resembles ordinary curve. Knuckle usually starts and starts fast, however, then breaks with astonishing sharpness.

ONE OF Toughest for right-hand batter to handle is knuckle ball which appears to be heading for outside corner of plate, then curves toward hitter. This pitch resembles corkscrew but absence of tilt spin makes it much harder to solve.

THIS SWIFT in course frequently occurs with knuckle ball, makes it a devilish object not only for batter to hit but also for catcher to catch. Triandos says best system is for catcher to wait until last split second, then make desperate lunge.

\$30,000. A month later he pitched a no-hitter against the Yankees.

This spring Richards and the Baltimore pitching coach, Harry Brecheen, helped Wilhelm correct a few minor flaws in technique—he was flashing his grip before he threw, and he had a tendency to groove the first pitch in order to get ahead of the hitters right from the start—and since then Wilhelm has been flitting with perfection.

"He always had a terrific knuckle-ler," says Ray Katt, who used to watch Wilhelm on the Giants and, as a consequence, is in the record books as the only man ever charged with four passed balls in one inning. "His trouble was control. I don't mean walking people, he couldn't control the pitch. One time it would break too much and the next not at all.

"I think that now he must have found the groove. He must have learned to throw it at just the right speed. Sometimes, with the Giants, he would throw too hard and sometimes not hard enough. Either way, the ball wouldn't do what it was supposed to do."



SLIGHT DEVIATION can be almost as confounding as big one if it occurs at last moment, is affected by fact that batter often gets so tense waiting for something to happen that he is completely off balance. Knuckleler is psychological weapon, too.

Perhaps confidence has as much to do with Wilhelm's success this year as control. Now, instead of using the fast ball or curve when he has to get a pitch over the plate, he sticks to his knuckle ball, throwing it even in 3-and-4 situations. And he gets the batters out.

Red Ferrell, the Detroit Tiger general manager, once caught a Washington pitching staff which included four knuckle-ball pitchers, and this explains why Ferrell doesn't have much hair. It could have been worse. Neither Leonard nor Wolf nor Johnny Niggeling nor Mickey Hauser ever threw the pitch more than 80 to 90% of the time, Ferrell says. According to Gus Triandos, the Baltimore catcher, Wilhelm frequently uses the knuckle 90% of the time and there may be days when he will throw nothing else.

A LINGER AND A PRATER

"I don't know," says Triandos, when asked how he handles the knuckleler. "The best thing I've found is just to wait until the last minute and then grab for it. If you get your glove up there too early, thinking it's going to break in one direction, you blink out the ball and then you're in trouble. It usually ends up going somewhere else."

Wilhelm looks as if he might be able to pitch all day, every day. He stands out there, getting the sign with his head cocked strangely over toward his left shoulder (the Orioles call him "Tilt"), and then goes into a smooth, easy delivery. Unlike most knuckleballers, who throw the pitch with a stiff wrist, Wilhelm keeps his limp. "If I use a stiff wrist," he says, "it makes the ball break too much." To keep the ball from rotating, he flicks it forward slightly with his fingers at the moment of release.

Wilhelm has a soft little knuckleler which he is using now as a fast-strike pitch, Richards explains. "He knows he can get this one over consistently, with at least enough break as they won't cream it." After that, there is not too much difference between any of his pitches. Most of them float up toward the plate with little or no rotation, and then they begin to do their tricks. Hoyt can throw one with just a little spin on it, too, "sort of a knuckle curve," as he calls it, that always breaks down. But his regular knuckleler is as likely to go in one direction as another.

"The one that breaks up," says

Triandos, "is almost always a high pitch, around the hitters. It comes up to a certain place, starts dancing and then just takes off. If the pitch is thrown low, it usually breaks in a downward direction. To one side or another, maybe, but downward."

Can Wilhelm exert any control over the way the ball will break? "Heck no," says Hoyt. "I wish I could." Can he predict, even after he releases it, what will happen? "Nope, not even then." Well, what makes it do what it does? "Air pressure," says Wilhelm.

Since air pressure also keeps Hoyt Wilhelm from blowing up like a balloon and the walls of Memorial Stadium from crumbling to the ground, a trip was made to Johns Hopkins University to find out why the knuckle ball does what it does. There, on the second floor of Maryland Hall, sits the chairman of the famed university's mechanical engineering department, a tall, pipe-smoking professor named Dr. Stanley Corrin, who saw Wilhelm pitch his no-hitter last year and has spent a certain amount of spare time since attempting to teach his son how to throw a knuckleler. Dr. Corrin, a graduate of Cal Tech, is an aerodynamicist and a specialist in the field of turbulence. He is also a baseball fan. For two years he has been trying, without much success, to get one of his graduate students interested in conducting some research on the knuckle ball.

"I wish," he said, greeting the visitor to his book-strewn office, "that I had the time to do it myself. A fascinating subject."

"You understand," he explained, arming himself with chalk and striding to the blackboard, "that it is impossible to state positively what happens to a knuckle ball in flight without laboratory proof. But I can tell you what I think. Call it an educated conjecture."

Dr. Corrin's explanation of what happens when Wilhelm throws his knuckleler is reproduced on the next page. Omitted, however, are any references to the Magnus force, Venturi effect, Bernoulli's equation, angular velocity and drag coefficient. These might help clarify the situation for Dr. Corrin, but it is highly unlikely they will have the same effect on anyone else.

"Last year," Dr. Corrin went on to say, "we performed a few simple experiments."

continued



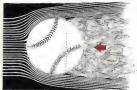
REVERENDMENT Dr. Stanley Corrin of Johns Hopkins is fascinated fan of Hoyt Wilhelm's ditzbagging phenomenon.



CURVE BALL spins forward; unequal pressures force it into downward path.



FAST BALL spins backward, will "hop" if the pitcher can throw it hard enough.



KNUCKLE BALL does not spin, so dominant force is set up by erratic turbulence created when smooth air stream breaks away at back of ball. This is called separation line. In rear view of ball (right), separation line is irregular, constantly shifting.

SCIENTIFIC EXPOSE OF THE KNUCKLER

The flow of air around a moving baseball is always fairly irregular. This is because a baseball is a blunt object, as opposed to a streamlined object such as an airplane wing, and the air through which it passes must do quite a bit of hurrying to get out of the way.

Generally, however, the flow is relatively smooth on the top and sides of the ball. But once the air stream reaches the rear of the sphere it becomes confused. It no longer adheres smoothly to the surface of the ball but breaks away, some of it whirling in close behind the ball to form a turbulent wake. This is much like the water behind a boat, a whirling vortex of eddies and currents and agitated air.

The point at which the smooth air stream breaks away from the ball is known as the separation point, and the line formed all around the back part of the ball by these countless separation points is known as the separation line. It is never a smooth line but a zigzag, erratic one, for the air breaks away sooner at some points on the sphere than at others. This is caused by a number of factors, including the seams, the imperfections of any sphere, gusts of wind, etc.

In the case of a curve ball, which is thrown with tremendous spin, as a fast ball, which is thrown very hard and also

with a relatively high rate of spin, the very fact that the ball is spinning tends to have a stabilizing effect on its flight. It smooths out the streamlined air flow even more, causes the separation points to occur further back on the sphere and reduces drag. The spin, since it is a somewhat countervailing factor, also enables the curve or fast ball to proceed along a relatively smooth path.

Because the curve has both sideways and forward rotation, the streamlines which flow along the top side are vastly accelerated compared to those which flow along the bottom. This increased velocity on top sets up a pressure difference and forces the ball in a downward arc.

The fast ball reacts in an opposite manner. Here the ball spins with a bottom-to-top or backward rotation, these streamlines are faster which pass beneath the ball and the pressure difference established in this case tends to force the ball upwards. In a normal fast ball, this only offsets the always-present force of gravity, and the ball proceeds in a straight path. In the case of an exceptionally hard-thrown fast ball, such as those thrown by Herb Score or Don Drysdale, the ball will actually rise toward the end of its flight. This is the "hop" on a good fast ball.

The knuckle ball, however, spins little or not at all; any slight rotation it might produce is so small as to have little effect upon the ball's course. The dominant factor, therefore, is the interaction between the separation line and the turbulent wake. And these confused, swirling eddies not only slow the ball down, they cause unbalanced sideways pressure forces. These forces will eventually cause the ball to go off course. This is why the knuckle ball darts and jumps.

If the separation line was perfectly straight, the ball would go straight, for the pressure forces would be even. But since the separation line is highly irregular, so is the course of the ball. And since the separation line is constantly shifting and changing in its irregularity, the course of a knuckle ball may shift or change. The knuckle ball can change direction several times in flight. It is also well to remember that regardless of other forces acting upon the ball, gravity is always exerting its influence, too. Gravity does not make the ball break, but it does accentuate any downward motion. And that is why Wilhelm's down-breaking knuckle is much more abrupt than the one which rises.

Although the latter may be hard to conceive, no knuckle ball—or any other baseball—breaks as sharply as it seems to. No blunt object obeying established physical laws can execute a sharp angle during flight.

"That is why," Dr. Corrin says, "Flying saucers can't make sharp turns."

One of his classes rigged up a 10-foot tube and sent a controlled stream of air up from the bottom, forming a homemade vertical wind tunnel. "We couldn't have needed the air stream if we could have had a much taller tube," he explained, "but in the laboratory you have to use what you can to simulate actual conditions."

Into the tube they dropped ping-pong balls, rotationless ping-pong balls.

"They behaved," said Dr. Corrin triumphantly, "just like Wilhelm's knuckle."

The balls would descend in a straight line for a short distance and then dip and dart and shoot off to one side or another in a most alarming manner, displaying symptoms that would make Gus Triandou shudder in his sleep. By varying the force of the airstream, the class found that the balls would react more violently with a strong breeze blowing, less violently or not at all when the motion was stopped.

"This is what happens," said Dr. Corrin, "when Wilhelm pitches into a wind. The forces which act upon the ball are cumulatively greater. So it reacts more violently. As you know, he lost his first game the other night when the wind was blowing from his back. I understand the Detroit Tigers were overjoyed, for they had been anticipating just such a moment."

"If you would like to observe this phenomenon yourself," Dr. Corrin said, "we can drop a few of these down the stair well." And he squeezed up a box of ping-pong balls from his desk and, with the researchers in tow, hurried to the stairway of Maryland Hall.

There was a three-story drop to the basement and as Dr. Corrin predicted, the ping-pong balls put on quite a show. For approximately two flights of stairs, they fell in a straight line. Then they would wobble and shoot off to one side or the other, striking the concrete floor with a loud "pong" and bouncing around in the slanting recesses of the basement. A large flower dog materialized out of the darkness and began to sniff at the balls.

"Leave them alone, Max," yelled Dr. Corrin. Max looked up with only slight curiosity, seemed to shrug a bit and went away. "He belongs to one of the professors," said Dr. Corrin. "He's been around here for a long

time." This seemed to explain everything, although maybe Max just decided he couldn't catch a knuckle ball, either.

"There are other factors which may govern the behavior of a knuckle ball, of course," Dr. Corrin said, lazily reclining ping-pong balls. "No sphere, for example, is perfectly round, no matter what the Spalding company might say. There are imperfections, and these influence the way the separation line forms. Also, gusts of wind and humidity and air density could make the ball react more violently one day than the next. These variations, however, would probably be microscopic."

"Actually, the knuckle ball may never break as much as some of the hitters seem to think. But, make no mistake, it breaks. The problem here is also one of optics; the human eye seems to contain things and it can catch its jolted. I don't mean that the knuckle ball is an optical illusion. Not at all. But I understand that hitters like Stan Musial and Ted Williams can actually tell whether a pitch is a curve or fast ball by the way it spins almost as soon as it leaves the pitcher's hand. They can pick up this telltale sign and adjust their swing accordingly. With the knuckle ball, however, since it does not spin, there is no way to plot its course accurately."

"In addition, the baseball has a peculiar seam pattern, and this undoubtedly influences not only the air flow and the line of separation, but also makes the knuckle ball appear to wobble strangely as it turns over while actually not turning at all. Something of a barber-pole effect."

"This is all very enlightening," the doctor was told, "and fascinating, too. I wonder if Wilhelm would be interested."

"It is perhaps," Dr. Corrin said, "just as well if he doesn't know. Then he would begin to think about all this, and you never can tell what might happen. Did you ever see a golfer who was hitting the ball well, not thinking about anything but just hitting the ball, and then he began to worry about his backswing and his grip and his stance and suddenly found that he couldn't get off the tee?"

"You sound like a golfer," it was suggested.

"Of sorts," said Dr. Corrin. "But I'm considering quitting the game to take up the knuckle ball." ■■■



LAB EXPERIMENT Based on rotating ping-pong ball, here's like knuckle.

37 MEN TO BEAT THE RUSSIANS

The confident faces below reflect the strength of U.S. track hopes against the U.S.S.R.

by **TEX MAULE**

FYNSBEE FIELD in Boulder, Colo. is bounded on one side by the sudden, spectacular upthrust of the Flat-Iron mountains and on the other by plains stretching away into the heart of the U.S. Last weekend it was populated by an extraordinarily strong, fleet and docile group of athletes who had come across the plains or over the mountains to decide the National AAU track and field championships of the United States.

They were beset on one side one day and a steady, drizzly rain the next, but, spurred by the lure of berths on the U.S. team which will meet Russia next month (first two Americans in each event would qualify), the petite gallop, train and the U.S. team which will compete in the Pan American Games later this

100 METERS



RAY NORTON, winner last year, shot down runner; world's best. **BOBBY PETERSEN**, very relaxed, strong, greater.

200 METERS



RAY NORTON, winner last year, shot down runner; world's best. **BOBBY PETERSEN**, very relaxed, strong, greater.

400 METERS



DAVID JOHNSTON, runner, good speed, fine curve runner. **DAVE MILLS**, shot speed, has trouble getting there.

10,000 METERS



MAX TRUES, winner; wonderfully comfortable, runner. **BOB SMITH**, very easy, a good, fast, great shot.

110-METER HURDLES



SAM BAUMAN, winner; beautiful hurdler, a good runner. **DAVE SMITH**, a good hurdler, a good runner.

400-METER HURDLES



DICK HOWARD, winner; growing skill. **GLENN DAVIS**, shot speed, has trouble getting there.

POLE VAULT



DON DAVIS, winner; a good hurdler, a good runner. **DAVE SMITH**, a good hurdler, a good runner.

HOP, STEP AND JUMP



MAX TRUES, winner; a good hurdler, a good runner. **DAVE SMITH**, a good hurdler, a good runner.

SHOTPUT



DANNY DAVIS, winner; a good hurdler, a good runner. **DAVE SMITH**, a good hurdler, a good runner.

summer, the athletes performed mightily.

By the time they wearily packed spilled shoes and damp sweat suits for the trip back across the plains or over the mountains, they had shown rather clearly that 1) the U.S. is not becoming a second-class track power, and 2) the U.S. man will win the Kangaroo in Philadelphia July 18 and 19.

True, some of the mighty had fallen but their places were filled with young, very competent replacements. Bobby Morrow, the Olympic champion, finished last for the first time in his adult career in the 100-meter dash ("I can't understand it," he said mildly), but Ray Norton, the tall, panther-muscled sprinter from San Jose State, exhibited a new-found

poise and an unbeatable floating stretch run in winning both the 100- and 200-meter races. Glenn Davis, who holds the world record in both the 440-yard run and the 400-meter hurdles, placed second in the hurdle event, but Dick Howard, who beat him, appears to have mastered the tricky timing of his steps between hurdles and will probably be a threat to Davis' record in the near future.

Bud Held, who designed the javelin that most of the competitors used and who set the official American record they were aiming for, failed to qualify for the finals in his event. But Al Castello, a short, very muscular Marine officer with an expressionless face, won the event with a good throw on a javelin range made slippery and slow by a steady rain which

soaked the field most of the day.

But the drama of the meet was in performances by the youngsters coming up and by some of the veterans who have never grown old.

A slender, blond 19-year-old freshman from the University of Oregon, running with the smooth, effortless efficiency of a hopping horse, won the 1,500 meters and set a new AAU record doing it. Dyno Burleson, who has trained steadily with Veterans Jim Grelle of Oregon, stayed on Grelle's heels through most of the race. He ran placidly and easily a few steps behind Grelle while Gail Hodgson sailed away to a long lead through close laps. When Hodgson began to flag and come back, Grelle, with his shadow close behind, moved

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAGE 24

800 METERS



TOM MURPHY, winner: short, sturdy, can hold early speed, fast finish. **EARL HUNT**, runner-up: good kick, endurance.

1,500 METERS



DYNO BURLESON, winner: American's best mile prospect—strong, smooth. **JIM GRELL**: fine kick, heady tactician.

5,000 METERS



BILL GERINGER, winner: hard to turn back, win on killing last lap. **DAVE WILLIAMS**: improving, powerful runner.

3,000-METER STEEPLECHASE



PHIL COLEMAN, winner: courageous runner, long on conditioning. **GEORGE FANNING**: cool finishing drive, good pace.

BROAD JUMP



FRED BELL, winner: at best under pressure, won after only one cleanup meet. **JOEL WEST**: consistent around 34 feet.

HIGH JUMP



CHARLES GWATHEMY: great steady, controlled jumper always capable of 7 feet if needed. **ERROL WILLIAMS**: fine style, improving.

DISCUS



AL GENTER, winner: whiplash speed, perfect form complement his power. **HARRY COHEN**: quick and controlled.

HAMMER THROW



HAROLD GOSSNELL, winner: magnificently controlled spin makes his releases his. **BOB BACKUS**: consistent 150-foot.

JAVELIN



AL CASTELLO, winner: world's best, converts his speed perfectly. **BUSTER GANT**: should reach 250-to-260-foot class soon.

SPECTACLE

Photographed by David Goodnow

**Connecticut's most imposing house pet
gives a thrilling demonstration of the flight
characteristics of the golden eagle**

Great Caesar!

DAVID GOODNOW, wildlife student and photographer of New Canaan, Conn., is one of the few people in this world who are

privileged to have an eagle around the house. Dave is proud of Caesar, the magnificent golden eagle which has shared his life for the last five years. He studies the bird closely and turns it loose in a large studio to get closeup photographs of an eagle in free flight such as those on the following pages and on this week's cover.

Caesar, weighing 11 pounds and with a wingspread of seven feet, is perhaps the most imposing house pet in all New England. He has never been in a cage in his life. Instead, Dave has rigged an ingenious device by which the bird is kept on a long rope, permitting him to fly in circles in the yard without injuring himself. Dave also put up a perch and built a house where the eagle can roost in bad weather without getting himself tangled in the rope.

Caesar is inquisitive and interested in everything around him, especially cars, people and dogs. When Dave goes for a ride in the car, Caesar likes to be taken along (left), and he shows far more dignity than the people who crowd around the car to ask Dave questions about his regal pet. As for the dogs, Caesar doesn't like them and will go after them every chance he gets.

Caesar has gotten away twice. Last summer he went on a tear and was gone from the latter part of April until July 1. A game warden and a state trooper found him in the woods 20 miles from home. They threw a blanket over the threatening bird and notified Dave. The other time Caesar was gone three days and Dave had to climb several tall trees before he could persuade his pet to come to his arm. Despite these and other headaches, Dave never regrets the day he got a state permit to keep an eagle around the house.



POISED FOR DOWNBEAT

Launching from his perch in the studio, Caesar projects his body into the air with strong legs and raises his wings in readiness for first wing stroke which will put him in full flight.





PINPOINT LANDING

With his broad tail and enormous seven-foot wings braced, the great golden eagle has just maneuvered his body to the point where he can land without a runway. His outspread flight plumes filter the air to cushion the shock of impact and help steer his feet into exact position. Braking power for the landing is supplied by the eagle's powerful pectoral muscles.





QUICK TAKE-OFF

Like a swept-wing jet, eagle leaps into the air with downthrust of wings. On the instant, too, he draws his landing gear into flight position.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Red Christmas, Chaps

WE can't make it a promise, but one of the most talked about men in the British Isles very shortly may well be an American perfume manufacturer from Wilton, Connecticut named Charles Norman Granville. Taking advantage of his yachtsman's knowledge of the Gulf Stream, Granville plans to float \$25,000 worth of his Red Satin perfume across the Atlantic, blanketing the western shores of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales on Christmas Eve with an exhilarating crimson oil.

The thought that a Lancashire square filled with Yule cheer will lift his head from his plum pudding, breathe deep of his moist English air and get a uncotched of Red Satin from the colonist bothers Mr. Granville not a whit. A man who once caused a perfumed rain on Paris and a perfumed snow on Bridgeport, Conn. and who seriously considered turning Niagara Falls temporarily Red Satin red can't be expected to boggle at the prospect of December dismay in the land of his forefathers. "This will benefit everybody," says Granville, speaking with what might, in the spirit of things, be called dollars and cents logic. "I'm sure the English will be delighted to find their atmosphere scented with passion flower."

Smelling not at all of passion flower and attacking a chicken hash with the *joie de vivre* of a man who calls his factory the Skunk Works, Granville used a luncheon last week to explain that his latest prospect really started at Niagara Falls.

"Four years ago we were going to dye the falls red for 30 seconds, add perfume and claim Red Satin did something honeymooners couldn't make Niagara blush," he began. "The police found out and stopped us. Dreadful situation. That 300

pounds of red dye in our inventory has stled me ever since.

"Then, while navigating my yawl *Angelyve* in last year's Bermuda race, I got the idea. Why not use the Gulf Stream for a mass perfuming of England and mark the transatlantic progress of our product with that red

dye? I checked with oceanography experts. Scientifically, sir, I assure you the idea is sound.

"We even used four Connecticut ponds to test how fast our perfume loses its scent in water. Measurement in milliseconds. I invented it. One thou-

Continued

O'BRIEN 10 FEET PLUS, DAYS AND LONG 40 FEET PLUS—News Item



"It is as we thought, comrades: American pistols."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

and millimetre crystals fall odor—one swirl. The perfume last four millimetres a week, or 10¹¹, of its strength in the time it would take to get from Miami on July 15, when we are going to dump it, to Christmas Eve, when it arrives off Great Britain."

His children back was neglected as he became absorbed with the concept of his smell on a smell. "Charts show we must need a mile-square area 112 miles from the western edge of the



Gulf Stream off Miami. The slightest miscalculation and we perfume Spain at Easter. We expect, among other things, to catch one particular offshoot of the current and perfume Liverpool harbor. Liverpool badly needs something like that. We're going to inform ships and planes of the perfume's probable position. They can help alert the British to the estimated arrival day."

But is alerting the British the best tactic? "I've thought of that too," said Granville, whose forefathers left London in the 1830s. "They can't stop us. We'll have the perfume in International waters. Best of all, they can't retaliate. The Gulf Stream only runs one way."

And what do you say to that, Great Britain? Merry Christmas.

Behind the New Duck Stamp

THE old \$2 duck stamp, officially known as the Federal Migratory Bird Hunting Stamp, is no more. A handsome piece of artwork, it depicted in the foreground last year three plump Canada geese, *Anas canadensis*, an ear of corn, a stubble field, and five more birds aloft in a wintry sky.

The new duck stamp shows a Labrador retriever with a mallard in its mouth. What is more important is that it bears a new figure: a big \$3 sign to right beside the retriever's left ear. Congress has raised the price of the duck stamp in an effort to raise more funds for wet-land acquisition so as to give the ducks more breeding space. However, all signs point to shorter seasons, reduced fags, few ducks, and consequently fewer hunters to pay \$3 for the stamp. The head of the wildlife bureau, David H. Janzen, says it is hoped that the duck hunter will "have enough faith in the future of this sport to contribute his \$3 even though the hunting prospects this fall look pretty grim." He should regard the payment as a measure of insurance against the end of all duck hunting.

It is that bad. Almost all North American ducks—85%—are produced in the breeding grounds of the Saskatchewan prairie, 125,000 square miles that resemble a stretched-out sponge of lakes, small sloughs, and water-filled ditches. In a wet year as many as 10 million of these sloughs

and ponds provided safe breeding grounds for countless mallards (mallards, blue- and green-winged teals, shovellers, and divers, *canadulches*, redheads, *scupps*). Last year there were around 4½ million such water holes. Now there are less than 1½ million in the whole immense basin. In southern Saskatchewan 80% have vanished. In southern Alberta they have all gone. At Kindersley, in west-central Saskatchewan, where there were formerly 34 sloughs, there are now 13. Ten square miles of wooded prairie near Regina formerly contained 160 sloughs. Now there are 25. The mallards that could be counted by the hundreds of pairs there ten years ago are now down to a handful.

The duck-breeding population of the Saskatchewan prairie in 1947



was estimated at 3,250,000. It has dropped to 3,150,000. Mallards are down 41% from last year, canvasbacks 59%. The major shift of breeding ducks has been to Manitoba, where water conditions are good, but increased production there and in the north cannot compensate for the loss of the prolific prairie output. Wildlife officials meeting in Ottawa last week kept their discussion of the duck crisis to a closed meeting, but it was no secret that they planned sharply cut-down bag limits this fall.

The Canadian wildlife service's assistant chief, Victor Solman, described the scene in Saskatchewan: "You have ducks sitting out in all directions to look for water. They can't find it near enough for the young to make the trip, so the young die. The grown-up ducks will stick around for a while, then take to their wings. . . . The situation is so bad many ducks didn't even try to nest. You

They Said It

FLOYD PATTERSON, asked whether he will try for a first-round knockout if he wins a chance for six: "Jabbarova was a chance for our in that fight with Martin in Mexico and he took it. He will probably be looking for the chance with me. You have to keep looking. If you don't keep looking, it can be too late."

FRESCO THOMPSON, vice-president of the Los Angeles Dodgers, on how he sees the race developing: "There is not a really solid team around. This year will be one of the easiest seasons for any National League club."

DOMENEC MOORE, American composer, urging symphonies audiences to shed their snobism on that of baseball stadiums: "Too much of our concert-going is a matter of cultural uplift. I wish we could get a little of the honesty that we get in our baseball stadiums. If audiences could too, it would generate participation, and participation means life. Our evening is empty."

see them running around in a sort of daze, completely bewildered."

"I see no solution," said Director Jansen from the American side. "We can always hope some miracle will occur on the prairies."

And in the meantime it was obvious that American sportsmen could make no better investment than paying their \$3 for their duck stamp, whether they hunted or not.

Empirical Findings (Cont.)

WHEN this magazine has been pioneering with its own modest index on major league umpires (noteworthily, *SL*, Aug. 19, 1957, at seq.) a contemporary of ours, *The Sporting News*, has been broadening the idea in a most thoroughgoing way. You will remember that in our latest look at the bureau averages Umpire Frank Donatelli's National League team led all the rest with 10 players tossed out so far this season and, indeed, more bounces than all the umpires in the American League put together (*SL*, June 31). Well, *Sporting News* has asked its correspondents to rate all the umpires on 25 different characteristics, and pretty exhaustive they are. Our man Donatelli, for instance, personally leads all the others in the National League in six of 25 categories: (Quickest to Eject Players, best Showboater-Grandstander, best TV Performer, Best on Balls and Strikes, Best on Bases, Best at Being in Right Position) and wins a tie with Jackie Conlan in three more divisions (Most Difficult to Converse With, Easiest to Converse With, No. 1 Pop-off).



Nobody dominates the American League scene quite so thoroughly. Umpire Ed Harley is Quickest to Eject Players, Ed Runge is Best on Balls and Strikes, Hank Sore is Best on Bases, and Bill Summers is Most Respected by Players and Managers.

Nothing we have seen lately illustrates the ambivalence of the base-



"Oh, yeah, my car's here!"

ball fan's attitude toward the umpire, but we have heard no complaints from fellows like Donatelli and Conlan. On the other hand there has been a year of misery from National League Umpire Angelo Donatelli. Why? Donatelli, a member of Jackie Conlan's squad, led all the rest in one category: Most Diplomatic.

"What the hell does that mean?" belched Donatelli. "I average about 10 ejections a year. I unload fast." Then muttering with his thumb: "Just like that and they're outta there. This 'Diplomat' thing can damage a guy's reputation. Suppose [Coke Manager Bob] Schofield is out arguing. . . . Do you think I go up and say 'Now, Bob, old fellow, let's have a cup of tea and talk this over'? Hell no! He says the magic words I unload him. I'm just a coal miner

from Pennsylvania and I don't know too much about this diplomat stuff. It's a barn rap."

Fashion Notes

OPENING MAY at Royal Ascot saw the traditional well-dressed crowd assembled, with one significant difference: the biggest fashion news was the appearance of bare feet. The Queen wore a yellow lace two-piece costume, with matching picture hat, and yellow roses on her shoulder; Princess Margaret was in pale mauve silk; the Duchess of Marlborough wore a charcoal alpaca box jacket with gray picture hat underlined in white. And hundreds more of Britain's most glamorous females appeared at their most elegant in a break from the

continued

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

tradition of wearing suits for the first day of Asoot.

But they weren't much noticed. All eyes were focused on the torso of Mrs. Frances Lyndon Smith, a startlingly beautiful young woman who arrived barefoot. Since Mrs. Lyndon Smith wore a Ceylonese dress, and since bare feet, with matching silver-lace anklets and toe ornaments, are appropriate in Ceylon, her bare feet weren't as sensational as they might have been had she worn western garb. As it was, reporters noted she crossed the hot concrete from the parking lot without apparent discomfort. It was when she came out on the green grass of the paddock that she really made news: the newspapers described her "superb walk"; cameramen caught her delicately on tiptoe. At least one fashion editor, hastily queried, advised all Englishwomen to go barefoot, at least part of the time.

As for the race, the Queen's Above Suspicion, a disappointing fifth in the Derby, won the £3,819 St. James's Palace Stakes. Other fashion notes: Mob hats are everywhere. Mob hats, in set, organza, tulle or silk, completely overshadowed picture hats. (Mob hats are shapeless helmets that look as if they were fastened to the head by a cord tied around them, like a cord around a neck.) By the end of the day, however, these developments had been overshadowed. Mrs. Lyndon Smith's bare feet, recorded the *Daily Telegraph*, had become the talk of London.

TV-juggers in L.A.

FOR his own protection as well as that of his family and friends, the hero of this story must be known only as Baseball Fan X. The fact is, we are taking a grave chance in telling the story of X at all, for if Commissioner Ford Frick were to find out what X and his friends are up to in Los Angeles, he would probably take away their TV sets, and that—as everyone in mid-twentieth-century U.S. knows—is tantamount to shutting off a man's food, air and water all at once.

According to the law of organized big league baseball, of course, Mr. Frick would be perfectly justified in

punishing Mr. X. And yet X himself is not really a criminal type. The president of a thriving Los Angeles networking company, he is a good father, a good husband, a former college basketball player himself, and a loyal Dodger rooter who seldom misses a chance to watch the home team work out in the local Coliseum. Mr. X's only fault in fact lies in his failure to accept the major league edict that a man can have big league ball in the ball park or big league ball in the living room but he cannot have both. Telecast from coast to coast for the benefit of towns too small for a big league club of their own, baseball's Game of the Week is rigorously blacked out of living room screens in major league cities. San Diego can watch the Dodgers when they're playing in Pittsburgh; Santa Barbara can watch them; Los Angeles cannot.

For Dodger Fan Herman Weiner—blast it! that just slipped out—for Dodger Fan X, we mean, that was just too much. Like many another red-blooded American faced with a prohibition, X rebelled. He called a friend whom he knew to be an expert on electronic matters and asked point-blank if there was any way his TV set could be jiggered to bring in San Diego or Santa Barbara? Easy, said the friend, and touted him on to a TV repairman. For \$75 the TV man put some extra height on his antenna, aimed it in the direction of San Diego

and jiggled it back and forth until it crossed in on a certain mysterious band of electromagnetic vibration. Then let there be in a Los Angeles living room, vibrating for all to see, was a game being played in Pittsburgh.

Since that brave day many another Angeleno fan and TV serviceman have conspired to evade the Ford Frick black-out with bootlegged TV. Some local television men now offer a rotary motor attachment for the antenna which makes the change from L.A. to San Diego to Santa Barbara by the merest push of a button. As if to signify divine approval of the West Coast TV-juggers, reception is improved, not impaired, by snow.

And does all this mean that the Dodgers are playing to empty seats? "Nonsense!" says Fan X. "When the Dodgers are home we're always there watching the game over TV in time to be at the Coliseum for the first inning."

Below the Belt

NOT every prizefighter can be a Gene Tunney. This fact everyone knows and no one better than Jorge Castro, sometime middleweight champion of Mexico. But then, Jorge might well add, so what? So Gene Tunney was heavyweight champion of the world and he liked to read Shakespeare. "I was in six schools," says Jorge Castro, "and none of them could teach me how to read or write."

Who needs it? says Jorge Castro of the literary art. And who indeed, whose Bantamweight Champion Teofilo Lopez, top lightweight Monso Garcia, and a dozen more ornaments of the Mexican prize ring, all of them as innocent of the written word as Jorge. Well, answers Mexico City's Boxing Commissioner Luis Sports, "you do." And with that sentiment in mind he passes a law ordering every illiterate prizefighter in Mexico to learn his alphabet within three months or lose his license. It was like a hard left below the belt.

Says Jorge Castro, a proud man. "I will quit rather than be forced to learn something no one was able to teach me in a lifetime." **END**



Dress Suit

The shirt she played at tennis in was noticeably short. The judges took a careful look. And there he sat out court.

—ROBERT FRICK

LADIES' DAY IS REALLY HERE

BASEBALL'S two major leagues last week roughly resembled a brace of parents who, having nodded in curiosity and unhearing agreement at Junior's proposal that he take a bride, took up to find him entering the living room with a wife on his arm and a string of baselines trailing expectantly behind. It is safe to say that when Commissioner Ford Frick and the bigwigs of established baseball agreed in theory not long ago to the idea of a third major league (SL June 1), they were thinking of something that might happen, say, five, six or even seven years hence. But, like many a parent, they underestimated Junior.

In this case Junior was dynamic William A. Shea, chairman of Mayor Wagner's committee to get more big-league ball back to New York. With the existing leagues' definite if unenthusiastic nod of approval in his pocket, Bill Shea last week walked into baseball's living room ready for the wedding, with not one bride but two—each shown here in suitably fashionable portraiture, each with a dowry fat enough to choke an umpire and each escorted by a small army of happy would-be in-laws



HOUSEWOMAN JOAN WHITNEY PAYSON OWNS SOME OF THE STAMPS

from the topmost drawer of the sporting aristocracy.

To give the metaphor a rest and get down to brasses, Bill Shea announced that he had the money all ready—some \$4.5 million of it—to form a second ball club for New York City and would shortly be able to announce the details of a continent-wide third major league composed of this club and possibly 11 more like it.

The principal backers of Shea's New York club, for which the Mayor has practically promised to build a stadium on the old world's fair site in Flushing Meadow, are multimillionaire baseball fans Joan Whitney (Mrs. Charles Shipman) Payson, who already owns a piece of the Giants, and Dorothy Killam (widow of Canadian paper-baron bank Walton Killam), who once tried to buy the Dodgers outright. Stringing along with Housewoman Payson (sister of Ambassador Jack Whitney) and Mrs. Killam in the new syndicate are Dwight Davis, son of the donor of tennis' Davis Cup (with a share roughly equal to that of the ladies); George Herbert Walker, son of the donor of golf's Walker Cup; investment banker Donald Grant, a Giant stockholder; and travel executive William Simpson. "We just got talking to Bill Shea one day," said Simpson, an obituary ball fan, in some bewilderment last week, "and suddenly I found myself involved."

There are still a good many problems to be solved before Bill Shea's third league becomes a working reality. In the first place, the official approval of the existing big leagues, without whose active help and encouragement no third league could exist, must still be obtained. There are stadiums to be built all over the country and money to be raised for them. Most importantly, there is the necessity to find, beg, borrow, buy or train an army of new high-caliber ballplayers. None of these problems bother Bill Shea or his committee. A third league, says Shea, would make baseball once again a "truly national" game. The only real problem he foresees is "which cities to leave out."

END



WIDOW DOROTHY KILLAM WANTED ALL OF THE BOBBERS

WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

SHAPE OF CHEERS TO COME

Who has faith in the Yankees? Despite anything you've heard, New Yorkers themselves have faith aplenty, and a howling, raucous faith it has become. It seems just the other day that Yankee Stadium crowds were booing Mickey Mantle; now the most spring-legged of them break out of the stands to run the last leg with Mickey on game-winning homers. The crowds were coming, too—68,000 for a 1959 major league record on Sunday—and the cheers swelling up over the Stadium, any Yankee fan would tell you, were just a hint of things to come. Detroit fans disagreed. Since the arrival of Manager Jimmie Dwyer, the once toothless Tigers, not too long ago scrambling for seventh with the Yankees, have won 32 of their last 48 and were giving the Yankees Tiger tracks to follow to the top.

HERE WAS THE TIGERS' BURNING HOT



CLUTCHING HANDS AND ERBS OF ADORATION MARK MICKEY MANTLE'S PATH HOME



THROUGH WORSHIPING NEW YORK FANBASE, HIS 10TH-INNING HOMER BEAT CHICAGO WHITE SOX, PUSHED YANKEES OVER .500



CLASSICAL WAITING POST is struck by Jack Dehoo, 8, as he watches opponent Eddie Pearce, 8, hitting an tee. Eddie won his class with a five-hole total of 31.

WONDERFUL WORLD continued

WITH PIVOT THE KIDS

ONLY the uninitiated think golf is just a matter of hitting a white ball into a small hole. Any real golfer knows as soon as he learns to tee up with one hand that this is a sport of form and appearance, too. When 239 youngsters arrived at the Dubendorf Country Club in Orlando, Fla. for the 12th annual National Pee Wee Golf Tournament, they showed a firm understanding of this principle. From the hand-on-hip, leg-crossed stance so necessary for watching an opponent's shot to the sweeping follow-through with eyes riveted on the flag to the high shine gleaming from

SEN HOGAN PERCE, learn while Big Ben Hogan was riding Perry's Memphis golf



REINFORCER AND KATE Cindy Davis won girls' 5-to-9-year-olds by breezing through two holes in 12 strokes. Julius (Little Joe) Capri was an 8-to-9 also-ran.



AND DIVOT SHOW HOW

stylish black-and-white spiked shoes, the 3-to-16-year-olds displayed their mastery of golf's fine points. The featured event was a fine 36-hole 3-under-par round by Larry Squire of Waycross, Ga., to win the Senior Pee Wee Championships, but 8-year-old Ben Hogan Perry, with a nine-hole 68, and Heidi Bauer Hagge, 4, daughter of Professional Golfer Alice Bauer Hovey, with a two-hole 33, provided the big-name attractions.

Did losing his chess brother Ben Perry? Not much. His shots stayed, but he could be content, knowing that he looked every inch a golfer.

Photographs by Jim Murrells

pen father, found the Pee Wee tough, lost in his class by a whopping 34 strokes.



POWERFUL FAIRWAY SHOT is delivered by Dennis Harley, 8, who came from Conway, Ky., to play in his division of the National Pee Wee. 11 states were represented.



NATIONAL PEE WEE TITLES went to elite 12-year-old Roberta Altom of Tampa, defending champion, who had a 77-83, and Heidi Hagge, also of Tampa, with a 73-82.

In quest of the Golden Fleece

No driver can match Billy Haughton's sulky record, but there's a blank page in it that should be filled this year

For some reason, people persist in calling Billy Haughton "Hawton" or "Hooton," when it's really "Hawton," as in Charles Laughton. When he first broke into harness racing he used to correct them, but he doesn't bother any more. Aside from that, you'd think everything was perfect for Billy Haughton.

At 35, up from stableboy by his own talent and effort, he bestrides his field like a colossus—a wiry, clear-eyed prime-of-life colossus. For the past six years, he has won more races than anyone in trotting (total: 936); for the past seven years, he has won more money (total: \$3,677,831). He has one lovely horse on the lake front in Maitland, Florida, another set in the rolling woods of Brookville, Long Island. Most athletes attract pretty brides, but even in this class, Billy's blonde, fair-skinned Dorothy is something special. He has three chubby, handsome sons, 4, 4 and 2 years old. He has won every major prize the sport offers, some of them two or three times—the Little Brown Jug, the Messenger, the Fox, the Geese, the Gotham, the Good Time. You name it, he's won it. All but one: Trotting's Golden Fleece—the Hambletonian—the prize of prizes, has always eluded him.

This year, Billy should win the Hambletonian. The colt's name is Hickory Pride. Or Circo. They're both his, and last week at Laurel (Md.), Raceway, he saw them finish 1-2, in the order named, for the second week in a row, in races against the best of the 3-year-olds available at the moment. Hickory Pride went his second mile in 2:44.2. So no trotter his age has ever achieved such speed so early in the season. Many of the sport's most respected horsemen, incidentally, do not believe in pushing

colts so hard at this stage in the campaign; in fact, of Haughton's three principal Hambletonian competitors two have yet to start their trotters at all and the third has raced but once. Billy takes another view:

"I think horses get bored with just training. If they're sound, I believe in racing them. Hickory Pride's like a lot of horses: he doesn't like to train and he won't coddle himself, so you can't sharpen him up that way. Besides, horses go bad on the training track as well as on the race track. I'll take my chances."

If Hickory Pride wins the Hambletonian, victory in the classic will be on its way to becoming a family affair. He is out of the same dam as Hickory Snake, who won two years ago, which makes them half brothers. He is by the same sire as Emily's Pride, who won last year, and though there is no term in horsemen's language for this relationship the blood tie, of course, is strong indeed. Since last season, when he wasn't nearly the trotter Circo was, Hickory has grown into a burly, powerful animal, heavy-muscled in shoulder and hind-quarter and solidly smooth in gait. Though hardly delicate, Circo is somewhat lighter boned. He was in the money 16 times in 20 starts last year, but he will have to show more than such consistency to beat his stablemate this season.

Of the competitors noted above, Joe O'Brien is having difficulty keeping his Brogue Hanover around enough for his first start. Ralph Baldwin, as usual, is in no hurry to race his Hambletonian horse; this one is Diller Hanover, fastest (2:03 1/5) of the 2-year-olds last season. Johnny Simpson has the one filly apparently in a class with these colts—Thalia Hanover—who showed speed and courage

in her very few races last year but cannot be judged on her only start thus far this year in which she finished sixth. All three of these gentlemen are experts in prepping horses for one or two particular races. We shall see what progress they are making during the first week in July at Geffen's Historic Track, next stop on the road to the Hambletonian, when all five of these outstanding trotters will be on display.

THE PICTURE IS CONFUSED

Among the pacers preparing for the Little Brown Jug, there is presently vast confusion. Practically all of the good ones have now been beaten at least once, and convincingly, by a colt whose so-far record is last season and brilliant performances thus far this season are a perfect example of the happy unpredictability of young, developing horses. He is Adios Oregon, he has now won seven races in a row and, unfortunately, he is not eligible for the Jug. It is possible to argue that, for this season, his trainer, young Tom Crank, has him much sharper at this point than the Jug eligible. Nevertheless, at Laurel last Saturday night, he spotted a strong field the handicap of starting from a second-tier post position and then came around them, four-wide in the stretch turn, and won going away. He has great brush speed, obviously a stout heart and just skims the track surface in the low, Adios-style gait that involves little if any wasted effort. Mr. Oregon will get his only other crack at the top 3-year-olds in the Messenger Stakes at Roosevelt Raceway August 21.

One of the strongest in that field at Laurel on Saturday was Joe O'Brien's

PACING His crack before a morning workout at Roosevelt Raceway, Haughton rides at the head of the largest pack stable in trotting. He has 56 horses racing this season, employs more than 50 grooms and five assistants to handle them.



Meadow Al, who was the victim of a freak accident of considerable extraordinary significance. Last year Joe brought his dog home, Shadow Wave, to this same meeting at Laurel and, literally, saw the roof fall in on him. A high wind tore the roof off Shadow Wave's stall and it collapsed all around him. Fortunately, he was not hurt, but he was badly frightened, and it was some time before O'Brien could bring him around to normal. Shadow Wave, of course, went on to win the Jug.

Last week at Laurel, Meadow Al was circling the track on a training jog when, just as he was passing it, one of the arms on the starting gate collapsed with a loud crash and scared him out of his wits. Now harness horses have to face the gate every time they come out to race—whereas their stablemates do not accompany them out on the track. Meadow Al, presently, has no use for starting gates at all. Saturday night, he refused to move up to it, went into a brook and crossed dead fast, up the track. This is the kind of thing that gives horse trainers gray hairs, and Joe O'Brien has them.

A few years ago, a fine trotter named Lu Peck, undefeated at the time, was training for a race at the Big Quon track. The annual Du Quoin Fair was also in progress, and Sharkey, the performing sea lion, was cavorting around the infield. Just as Lu Peck passed by Sharkey cut loose with the loudest bark of her career, and Lu jumped sky-high. Thereafter, every time she passed that point on the track she jumped again. That, too, is what makes horse racing.

Anyway, Joe O'Brien will be bringing all his patience and skill to bear on Meadow Al's problem in the next few weeks—hoping that the colt will come out of it as well as Shadow Wave did. On his looks and record Meadow Al is the colt to beat in the Jug. He is a rugged, if slightly small, son of Adios, with the same righty efficient gait. He loves training; Joe has to sweat to get him before 2:00 in a workout, but competition animates him, as it does all class horses, and last season he won a mile in 2:00 3/4.

The bloodiest horse to beat him is Del Miller's Adios Day, with the identical fast record as a 2-year-old. These two fought through a series of stirring heats last season, with Meadow Al apparently the better at the very end. This year's Jug may be a two-horse race.

END



Illustration: [unreadable]

It's our guess that dogs will pick up more Titleists this year than ever—simply because there will be more Titleists to pick up. Never before have so many people played this wonderful ball—the 10 year favorite of amateurs and pros in big time competition.

For the good of your game try a Titleist—sold like all Acushnet balls thru golf course pro shops only.

ACUSHNET
GOLF BALLS



Tip from the Top

DAVE MARR, Rockaway Hunting Club, Cedarhurst, N.Y.

Tempo in putting

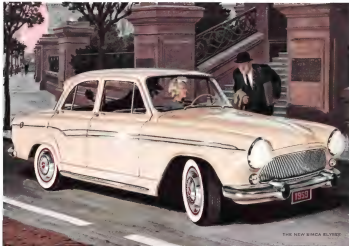
STEAD is a cardinal factor in putting. It is easy for a golfer, preoccupied with getting his line and then being up, to forget this. Putting may be different in some respects from the tee-to-green shots, but essentially you must be as sure of the tempo of your putting stroke as the tempo of your swing on the full shots. If the tempo of your putter is right, it helps tremendously to get the ball rolling at the right speed. You can hit from the top just as easily (and disastrously) as you can on a full shot. When you do, you may occasionally get the ball to finish close to the cup but you can't help being out of control of the ball even when you get away with a rushed, jumpy putt.

Poor putters don't think at all about the speed with which they take the putter back. The good putters do. They know the speed of the backstroke regulates the speed of the forward stroke, and they know the speed of the putter on the forward stroke in turn regulates the speed of the ball. Some day when you are putting on the practice green before a round, instead of trying to hole putts, work on the tempo of your stroke, blending the speed of the take-back and the forward stroke in a smooth rhythm. I think that you'll be amazed at how easily and well you will handle even the toughest greens.

Incorrect: broken tempo



NEXT TIP: *Joe Karstner* on how to save hitting from the top



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A photograph of Rocky Colaninno, a Cleveland Indians player, in his white home uniform with red pinstripes and the word "INDIANS" in red across the chest. He is wearing a black batting helmet and is positioned in front of a chain-link fence. The background shows the stadium seating and a clear sky.

INDIAN IDOL

When Rocky Colaninno comes to bat in Cleveland the crowd roars its acclaim, a fitting salute to this great young slugger. In that roar is a unique sentiment: delighted bobby-soxer squeals that are an equally fitting tribute to Rocky's dark good looks and expanding, youthful magnetism

Photograph by Arnold Newman





Rice pudding gone to heaven

This lavish dessert, combining many fruit flavors, is made in a series of simple steps

ANYONE who has ever cooked boiled custard or made a rice pudding can make a success with the elaborate-looking dessert shown on the opposite page. This fanciful product of French *haute cuisine* is known as *pears à la Marie-Anne*. Designed to be served ice cold, it furnishes a dazzling climax to a summer dinner party.

The center of the dish is simply extra-rich rice pudding, molded and chilled. This mold is surrounded with pears which have been lightly poached in vanilla syrup to remove their skins (the same as dropping tomatoes into boiling water for a minute or so in order to skin them) and then cored. The final touches that make the dish look and taste beautiful—the glazing of the pears and the combining of jams and liqueurs into a surrounding sauce—are not nearly as demanding as the conception of a fancy salad. It all takes time, admittedly. But the result, contrasting the delicate textures and flavors of fruit, jams and almost-sau pears with the velvety-rich rice and chewy nuggets of candied fruit, will more than justify the effort spent in the preparation.

Pears poached in the manner described can be well-served to a variety of alluring concoctions, such as thick chocolate sauce and whipped cream (pears à la *dame blanche*) or an underlay of black currant ice cream with an overlay of raspberry sauce and grilled almonds (pears à la *dijonnaise*). Here is one member of a whole family of deliciously wonderful Gallic inventions:

PEARS À LA MARIE-ANNE

This recipe serves eight. The rice mold, called ris à l'impératrice in France, can be prepared, if desired, a day ahead.

Ingredients for rice mold

- 1½ cup long-grain unprocessed rice
- 1½ cup granulated sugar
- small piece vanilla bean (or strong vanilla extract)
- 4 yolks of egg
- 1 pint plus one tablespoon of milk
- 1 envelope gelatin, dissolved in cold water
- 2 rounds of candied pineapple and 10 candied cherries (or equivalent candied fruit of any sort)
- 1¼ cups heavy cream
- 2 tablespoons confectioners' sugar

Preparation of the rice

Blanch rice by throwing without rinsing into boiling salted water for 2 minutes. Drain. Place rice in enamel pan with 1½ cups of the milk and a piece of vanilla

bean. Set on an asbestos pad over medium fire; stir constantly till milk is absorbed (about 20 minutes). Remove from stove and reserve.

Start a custard by heating the egg yolks and adding the granulated sugar and the rest of the milk. Place mixture in top part of a double boiler with a small piece of vanilla bean. Cook, stirring till custard coats spoon (about 15 minutes). Remove vanilla bean pieces from both the rice and the custard mixtures, and combine them, mixing in the gelatin. (If vanilla bean has not been used, at this point add vanilla extract to taste.) Allow mixture to cool, but do not refrigerate.

Meanwhile, dice the candied fruits. Whip the cream, adding confectioners' sugar when it is half whipped. Fold the whipped cream and diced fruits into the cooled rice-custard mixture. Pack into a 5-qt. mold, oiled with vegetable oil. Place in refrigerator till set, or overnight.

Ingredients for pears and trimmings

- 8 raw pears
- 2 eggs-sugar
- small piece vanilla bean, or 2 teaspoons vanilla extract
- 1 lemon
- 1½ cups apricot preserves or putter, plus 1 cup gelatin or raspberry jelly (to glaze pears)
- For the sauce, choice of:
 - 1) red or black Swiss cherry jam, 2) red plum preserves containing pieces of plums, or 3) canned pitted black Bing cherries mixed with dark raspberry jam
 - Choice of liqueur for flavoring, such as any orange liqueur, kirsch or mirabelle
 - Candied cherries and, if desired, angelica cut in the shape of leaves, for decoration
 - 1½ cup cream, whipped

Preparation of the pears

Rinse pears. Boil sugar and vanilla with four quarts of water for 10 minutes. Then lower pears, two at a time, into syrup, which should be kept just simmering. Poach pears 2 or 3 minutes or until skins can be easily removed. Cook pears as little as possible and skin quickly, squeezing lemon juice over them so that the fruit does not darken. Camp from the blossoms and.

Meanwhile, melt apricot jam and jelly together; pass through a strainer and chill. When almost solid, spoon this glazing mixture over the pears on a platter. Chill again, reserving the excess of glaze.

Grand finale

Unmold rice on middle of serving platter. Take a thin slice off one side of each glazed pear so fruit will lean against rice molded as in picture. Put more glaze on pears if needed. Surround the pears with any desired mixture of jams, slightly thinned and well flavored with liqueur. Decorate the dish as desired, with candied fruit, angelica, and swirls or points of whipped cream.



CHARLES GOREN / Cards

A problem in duplicate

THE INFINITE VARIETY of bridge is to a great extent delivered by the infinite variety of arguments the game inspires, and the schools of thought are many. Yet, some players take a firm position against post-mortems on the ground that they are simply arguments which have a tendency to slow up the game, and which pound on the eardrums and produce a pain in the neck.

Perhaps the most common sort of battle has to do with the comparison of rubber bridge with duplicate bridge scored at match points. This argument will finally be laid to rest only when it is at long last established which is the better flavor, chocolate or vanilla. However, the really pertinent fact is that the two forms of bridge are different, and to play both games well it is vital to know the points of difference.

Here is a hand that involves one of the most important but least known of these points.

Both sides vulnerable
South dealer

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1 NO TRUMP	PASS	2♠	PASS
3♣	PASS	3♠	PASS
3 NO TRUMP	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: heart 8

North was rather inconsistent, to put it mildly, when he used the two-club convention to ask his partner to name a four-card (or longer) major suit if he could, and then, after South obliged, to give only a single raise to that major and, finally, to accept a three no-trump contract. Considering North's flat distribution, no trump was by no means unattractive at match-points (honors do not count at that game), but if North felt that way, then why did he dabble around with the two-club convention in the first place?

West chose his natural opening lead, the fourth-highest heart, and when declarer took East's king with the ace, he had good reason to stop and ponder. South was an experienced match-point player; he knew that many of the North-South pairs would end up in a spade contract rather than in no trump, and that fact had considerable significance, as we shall see.

Declarer tested the spades with two rounds, saw that they broke three-two, and promptly cashed the ace and king of diamonds! Great was the fall thereof—and South made four no trump.

Wasn't South simply shot with luck to drop the diamond queen as he did, when the percentages clearly called for a finesse in that suit? Yes and no. His play of the diamond suit was extremely well calculated under the circumstances. Let me repeat that it was a lead-pipe cinch that many of the North-South pairs would land at four spades, perhaps on the same approach as was used at this table—more probably because other Souths might start off with one diamond, then getting into a train of spade bidding.

So, when this declarer found out that the spade suit broke—remember, I mentioned that fact though it seemed to have no importance at the time—he knew that every declarer in a spade game would automatically try for the diamond finesse, and if it succeeded they would get rid of a club from dummy and make five-odd. That was the crucial fact. At no trump the same successful diamond finesse would produce only four-odd, and it would not be very logical to play for an under-average match-point score. The only chance to beat the pairs in spade contracts was by doing the opposite of what they would do—and hoping that heaven would protect a hard-working declarer.

EXTRA TRICK

At rubber bridge, the contract you're in is your only consideration. At duplicate, you must try to figure out where the majority of pairs will land. **END**

Some moments for Max

Trainer Hirsch knew child disaster but dug in again

WHAT WAS THE PROBLEM for Max Hirsch, the man of the morning? Cages, money, running, cuts? No, none of these. His once brisk walk now had a shuffle and, at 78, he clings to tradition and ritual—his men do, his estimable, incomparable, indescribable? Those are the words for Max.

Last Saturday he gave caring a half hour of tender surprise and quiet joy. With that same skilled hand which had trained Middleground to beat Hill Prince, High Gun to beat Nashua, and Assault to beat about everyone, he won the third Coaching Club American Oaks at Belmont with Resaca and then, almost as an aside, won the \$44,500 Leonard Richards at Delaware Park with Walts.

Two weeks ago, however, instead of standing in a winner's circle he was moving alone over the sandy paths of Belmont's stable area after Second Dyerer had won the Belmont Stakes. He had experienced a horrid defeat when his Black Hills fell in the mud and was destroyed. Geena and stableboys looked from the shed rows and turned away, wanting to say something but not knowing how to say anything. He moved in his shuffle, kicking up little puffs of sand. "Dead," he said. "My horse is dead. I had great hopes for him all spring as a runner, and Mr. Kieberg [the owner of King Ranch] and I both thought he would make an excellent sire. Now I'll have to walk by an empty stall every day and the memories won't be nice. But if you believe in racing, you have to dust yourself off and dig in again."

Four mornings later Max Hirsch was signing to be seen (the Oaks with the filly Resaca, who had been a maiden until but five weeks before the race. "Look," he said, "I know I'm going to need a lot of luck to beat Quill [until last Saturday the Eastern

claimant to Silver Spoon's filly championship], she's a hell of a mare. Boy," he said to one of his grooms, "put the light on in her stall. There's Resaca. I can't fault her. She stands beautifully and trains easily and she's been coming along good. I'm going to take a try at the Oaks. Normally I'd have Eddie Arcaro on her, but after that horrible spill he took I've got to get another boy." Max Hirsch, a fellow with a good eye for young riders—he put Ira Hanford on Bold Venture and won the 1948 Kentucky Derby and put Bill Boland on Middleground in 1950, and both remain the only apprentices ever to win the race—decided on Manuel Ycaza.

Not too far from Hirsch, Lucien Laurin was readying Quill for the Oaks. Quill, of course, had humbled her opposition in the Acorn and the Mother Goose earlier this spring and in a lifetime of 11 races had lost but three. "Quill," said Laurin, "is not the type of horse that works too fast in the morning. She saves herself for the afternoon."

On the afternoon of the Oaks everyone strained to get a peek at Quill, the 1-4-4 favorite in the betting. Max Hirsch in his woods moved into the walking ring and in the world of actions and Orlans and racers he was rather out of style for a summer day. He gave Ycaza his orders and went to watch the race.

Addie Belle went to the front and Quill, who had been kept off the pace in all of her previous races, joined her. They went in a furious tandem, skipping the first six furlongs in 1:10½. In the next two furlongs, however, Ycaza moved. Resaca crested past Quill on the far turn (the exact place where Hirsch had seen Black Hills tumble) and moved two lengths in front. But Quill came on again, and in the last 50 yards it seemed as if she might win. "Now the drink," said Quill's rider, Peejay Bailey, "she seemed to hang."

As Max Hirsch walked to the winner's circle there was a twinkle in

his eyes and an alacrity to his shuffle. "Fourth?" he said. "My fourth Oaks." The grooms and the hot walkers, the Pinkertons and the players; and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kieberg congratulated Max.

He went back to his cottage and savored his Oaks victory and his win at Delaware with Walts. "Mas," he said, "had himself a very nice day. He believes he shall have a drink and a steak and think about the future."

Eddie Arcaro, who took that nasty spill in the recent Belmont Stakes, came out as a spectator on Coaching Club Day, and his winning smile reassured millions of televisioners that he will be riding again soon. Asked about what caused the fatal accident to Black Hills, Eddie said one thing he knew was that the colt had not stepped in a hole. The horse could have crossed his legs and tripped, or slipped, or suffered a seizure, but the best bet is that when Eddie tagged Black Hills to the right to stop him lapping into the rail, the sudden shift in weight of the 1,600-pound animal put too much pressure on the right foreleg, causing the delicate structure to shatter.



MANUEL YCAZA (left) riding Quill, far ahead of a tired, straggling Resaca.

The birds and beasts were there

The Tulsa show might have been mistaken for the animal fair, but ostriches actually helped to make a good show better

CAN AN ostrich find social acceptance at a horse show? I wouldn't have thought so, but last month in Tulsa I found I was wrong. Not only were there racing ostriches but racing camels as well, and they combined with some 500 horses and ponies to make the Tulsa charity show one of the liveliest of the year. Its terrore was as fast-paced as the ostriches, and those birds really can travel—as the show's president, Ted Badley, discovered. Badley was spilled from a sulky to tankard while driving a hot ostrich, but he was unhurt and undamaged. He likes a horse show to be lively. "Even I get sick and tired of looking at nothing but horses for five days," Badley said. "The spectators like a change."

Responsible for this rather drastic change are the two women who manage the event, Mrs. W. G. Laskey (called Katsie, a contraction of Katherine) and her assistant, Mrs. Howard (Mary Lou) Funderburgh. One of

their aims, in their own words, is to "lose the society-pagan stigma—a good horse show is good sport."

As a result, the atmosphere at Tulsa has the casual informality of a 19th hole. The only top hats indigenous to horse show presidents and committee members at the East's major indoor events (to be sure) were in the three-gaited classes. Although both Katsie and Mary Lou have shown horses and both love horse shows, they agree that there is no way to guarantee spine-tingling competition in every class. Therefore, enter Gene Haker from California with his animals—racing ostriches (well broke to harness) and racing camels (broke for anybody to ride).

Katsie and Mary Lou need not have worried about entertaining the paying customers this year. Almost every class was well worth watching and every division was well filled except for the parade. Actually, the managing team (who have never had

a profit under \$12,000 in the seven years they have run the show) had more horses this year, and more people to see them, than ever before.

Joan Robinson Hill and her pretty mare Precious Possession were an eye-catching combination and proved it by winning both the ladies' and the amateur stakes. Trainer Lee Roby rode Jean's junior mare, Mary Memories, picking up a third championship rosette for Joan to take to Houston. When she got home she retired her four-time amateur world champion mare, Beloved Belinda (see page 61). This mare was bred by Katsie Laskey, who raises saddle and quarter horses when not running the horse show. Patricia McGee from Oklahoma City captured the juvenile five-gaited class with her Welcome Mistress besides winning the equitation championship for the third time and retiring the trophy.

But in the "leg on the trophy" department, The Lemon Drop Kid must have established some sort of new record. He won the Fine Harness championship for the sixth year in a row. Now that memorial trophy—a handsome silver punch bowl with eight matching cups on a tray—is different from most in that it will be offered for eight years. Lemon has won it every year since it has been offered—six. If all goes well, he'll be back next year to try for seven. Irene Zane, manager of Sunnyslope Farms, is installed right now. "Each year that you win the trophy," she says, "you get to keep one of the cups. I'm glad Lemon didn't stop at five—it's nice to have an even half dozen."

Although Lemon continues to be in a class all by himself, the other fine harness events were of high quality, too. Jean McLean Davis' homebred filly won the 3-year-old class easily, living right up to her name, So Wonderful. But it was the ladies' class that was the real stunner. Mrs. Walter Duncan Jr. with The Cock Robin, Mrs. Stephanie Hudkins with Henry VIII and Mrs. E. A. Lee with Elegance in Motion



HAROLD PRICE OF BROWNSVILLE USES BROOM TO GUIDE HIS RACING OSTRICH



TWO LINEAR LADIES. Katherine Lusk—left—of Tulsa and Mary Lee Pendergast—of Muskogee, recently staged the Tulsa show.

turned in grimly competitive drives, moving Steward C. J. (Junior) Cronan, who has won many a fine harness class, to say that it was the best ladies' event he had ever witnessed. They finished in that order, with Mrs. Duncan's pet gelding in the top spot.

Meanwhile, back East at retirement Devon, Pa., Mrs. Alan Robson (81, Feb. 22) entered horses and ponies in six divisions and won 16 blue ribbons, one championship and three reserve medals. Besides that, she rode L. E. Brauninger's Arabian horse in two classes and won a first and a reserve.

In the working hunter division, which had its usual horde of entries, Pass Christian's Laurie Ratliff produced a notable upset. She guided her Little Sombrero judiciously over the fences to win the championship. Last year she did the same thing in an equally impressive field but with a different horse—her Cottage Den. At the Pin Oak show in Houston (the world's richest) there was a sequel, too. Last year Kathryn Means sold her flashy gelding King Lee to Judy Kaufmann for \$200,000 after winning the amateur championship (81, June 23, 1958). This year King Lee was back but was being shown in the open classes instead of the amateur by Trainer Art Simmons. King Lee won the five-gaited championship, while Mrs. J. R. Sharp's Affre, which had been the victor at Tulsa when the horses met there, was the reserve.

In the three-gaited division Delightful Society, bought last fall at auction by Omaha's Dan Dierker for \$20,000, repeated her Tulsa victory, as did The Lanes Deep Kid. **END**



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SPALDING

into the game in sports

A first first for Aston

**At Le Mans, a Texan helped
bring Aston Martin its
first win in this rugged race**

THE Le Mans 24-hour Grand Prix of Endurance, held this year before nearly 300,000 spectators in hot, oppressive weather, proved once again that despite the engine-size limitations imposed after the 1955 disaster it is still the most exciting as well as the most unpredictable automobile race in the world.

Following the 1955 catastrophe in which 87 spectators were killed and more than 100 injured, the Automobile Club de l'Ouest was threatened with a total ban on the race and kept it going only by spending \$600,000 to make the course safer. They built a long concrete wall along the straightaway opposite the pits where the crash had occurred. They put up concrete fences to prevent crowds from being jammed into small areas. They widened the entire track alongside the pits, creating a new right-hand

pole, so that cars could enter the pits in greater safety. Finally, they limited the cubic capacity of the engines to three liters, and also decreed that cars should be equipped with a second seat, a windscreen and wiper, a spare tire and tools. This year they added a rule requiring drivers to change every three hours.

This year's entries contained 11 Ferraris (three of them works cars), an Aston Martin works team and four privately entered Jaguars under the firm's supervision. In the pre-race trials the three works Ferraris proved to be the fastest cars on the track. Although the Austons were slower, they hoped to make up in reliability what they lacked in speed.

The Jaguars were dogged with trouble all during the trials. The Lister Jaguars, in particular, suffered under the new fuel rules. With a maximum fuel tank at the rear, they almost took to the air at maximum speed and had a dangerous front wheel wobble. In the smaller categories the most promising were the works Forges and British Lotus Elites.

It was an exciting start. Stirling Moss, driving a works Aston Martin, was first away as the flag dropped, and he led for 17 laps, closely tailed by all three Ferraris, with the Austons and Jaguars lying well behind. Then France's leading driver, Jean Behra, superbly driving a works Ferrari, crept up on Moss and overtook him on the 19th lap. For two hours Moss was unchallenged in second place between Ferrari No. 12 and Ferraris 14 and 15. Then, as was almost inevitable with cars traveling nearly 125 mph, some trouble started. The Behra Ferrari was forced into the pits with headlight trouble. Then Ferrari 14 dropped out with engine malaise. Shortly before midnight Stirling Moss abandoned the race with valve difficulties. Meanwhile, the lead had been taken by works Ferrari No. 11, driven by last year's winner—Belgian Olivier Gendebien and the U.K.'s Phil Hill. Intersecond place erupted the works Aston No. 5 driven by Britain's Roy Salvadori and Texan Carroll Shelby. Lying close behind were another works Aston and two Jaguars.

By 3 a.m. all Jaguars were out with engine trouble. Ferrari 11 was still comfortably in the lead, and works Austons 5 and 6 were in second and third places. Thus they stayed all through the night and morning. By 11 a.m. Sunday, the Ferrari still had a three-lap advantage over the Austons and seemed a likely winner unless it failed to hold up mechanically.

By noon in the world's most grueling race, only 18 cars of the original 50 remained in the running. Still, the casualty rate was small for Le Mans. Works Aston No. 7, with Brian Mayhe at the wheel, skidded off the road when it hit an oil slick at dangerous White House Bend. Hours later two more cars left the road at the same point and crashed straight into the wrecked Aston. Britain's Jim Russell, who had been driving a Cooper, went to the hospital with burns and a broken leg.

Bad luck caught up with the leading Ferrari shortly after midday when its power gradually deteriorated into ineffectiveness and it had to retire. From then on it was the Aston Martin's race, and they cruised easily into the first and second positions—the first time an Aston had ever won at Le Mans. The winning Aston No. 5, driven by Salvadori and Shelby, had covered 234 laps, or roughly 2,717 miles over the long, nerve-ravaging 24 hours.



THE FERRARI-ASTON ALLIANCE formed by Carroll Shelby (left) and Britisher Roy Salvadori (right) produced the combination that brought the victory to Aston Martin.

FIELD TRAINING: PART II

THE TRAILING HOUNDS

by FRED HUYLER
with VIRGINIA KRAFT

Drawings by Bart Silverman



FRED HUYLER

Ever since Fred Huyler was given a hound as a pet in 1895, hounds and hunting have been his career. As a young man he was hired to train hounds at Hamilton Farms in Gladstone, N.J. Since then, the number of dogs he has trained and field trials he has run cannot be counted. On the following pages, Huyler shares the lessons of 70 years afield in teaching you how to train the trailing hounds.



A fortnight ago *Sports Illustrated* introduced a four-part series on field-training the sporting breeds with instruction on how to train the flushing spaniels. Now, on the following pages, the lessons continue with an explanation of the techniques of preparing trailing hounds for the chase. The five dogs shown above are the most popular trailing hounds in America today; but in addition to these dogs, countless mixed strains are used for tracking. Most often, they follow rabbits, but they also trail raccoons, foxes, deer and sometimes even people. Regardless of quarry, all of the trailing hounds share one thing in common—an extraordinary ability to follow a ground trail by scent. They must be taught, nonetheless, to concentrate their superior ability on a single scent and to follow it without interruption no matter what other scents may cross the trail. This is the basis of all hound training, whether the dog be a beaver after a rabbit or a bloodhound helping rescue a lost child. The desire to hunt is a powerful instinct in all hounds, and if the trainer has patience even the most sluggish family pet can become a good trailer. In fact, you will probably find that your dog is a better companion at home when he has learned to be a companion afield.

TURN PAGE FOR HOUND TRAINING



Bloodhound gets the collar, dog harness and leashes of his equipment.

Schooling the bloodhound

Teaching a bloodhound to follow a trail is informal, fun and the foundation of most trailing-hound training. Since a bloodhound is almost always used to track people, you will need the cooperation of a friend. You will also need a harness (made to order for \$7.50) and a sturdy lead, both of which are necessary for all future tracking. To begin the training, have your friend walk off a short, easy trail, ending behind a bush or tree. Make it about 100 yards for a starter, and agree in advance on its course. When your friend is out of sight, let the dog sniff an item of his clothing—preferably a sock. Then have the dog sniff the place on the ground where the trail begins. When a bloodhound puts his nose to the ground, the loose folds of skin around his head tug forward, forming a cup to trap scent. If you pull the skin on his neck forward (left), you will help him get a better sniff. Once he associates the garment with the ground scent, his natural instinct will be to follow the trail. Encourage him with your voice. If the dog wanders from the trail or loses interest in it, let him sniff the clothing again. Keep a firm grip on the lead at all times and move at the dog's pace so he doesn't think you are pulling him back. When he comes to the end of the trail, the dog should jump up as his quarry to indicate he has found the person he was tracking. Most bloodhounds will do this naturally. If yours doesn't, encourage him by having your friend give him a tidbit as soon as the dog reaches him. Take the dog out as often as possible, each time increasing the length and difficulty of the trail. And be patient with his mistakes. The average bloodhound needs at least six months of regular training to follow a trail without error.

Treasure dogs close behind as the dog takes off on the trail.



Hound demonstrates use of clothing with ground trail.



*Handed follows the scent to
find out where birdies hide.*



*Dog jumps up on quarry to
show positive identification.*



FOR MORE HOUND TRAINING, TURN PAGE

Teaching the game hounds

Like the blood hound, the other trailing hounds—leagues, harrets, dachshunds and cockhounds—must learn to concentrate on a single track before they are ready to go on a real hunt. And since these other breeds are small game hunters, a game trail instead of a human trail is used in training them. For this early training, it will be much easier for both you and the dog if you make an artificial trail, which you do by saturating a bag of sawdust with commercial game scent (88) and dragging it about 100 yards. Then, with the dog on lead, take him to the place where the trail starts. When he begins to become interested, encourage him to follow it and correct him if he wanders. At the end of the trail, reward him with praise and a tidbit. When he has learned to follow an easy trail, remove the lead and drag the scent through brush and briars so he gets used to more difficult routes. Spend at least two months on this stage of training.



Make artificial game trail by dragging bag of scent.



Take the sawdust to place where artificial trail begins.



Let dog get the game to be follow scent along trail.

First encounter with game

As soon as the dog can follow an artificial trail, he is ready for live game. At this stage the type of game—regardless of what the dog will eventually hunt—is not important as long as it leaves a simple, obvious trail. A rabbit from a pet shop is easy to care for and slow enough for a young dog to keep up with. This training should take place in an enclosed area so both the game and the dog are under control. Let the dog sniff the rabbit while a friend holds it. Then take the dog out of sight and release the rabbit. Urge the dog and encourage him to find and follow the rabbit's trail. An older dog can help in this training by leading the way. In any case, use close behind or position separate dogs and rabbit if necessary. Take the dog out with the rabbit for about a week and keep the sessions short so the dog will not lose his enthusiasm.

Dog sniffs rabbit to become acquainted with the scent.



Rabbit is released and dog sets out on chase.

First time in the field

The most challenging phase of hound training occurs when you go afield after wild game. Now the trail may lead anywhere; it may be old or it may not exist at all. But the measure of a good trailing hound is experience, and the only way he will gain it is by hunting as often as possible. Again, an older dog can be of help during these sessions because the young dog will follow him and learn by imitation. Whether you take the dog afield alone or with another dog, however, always take him on lead so that he knows you are the boss. When you reach the hunting area, release the dog and encourage him to start hunting by talking to him as you walk through the woods. Many people find the chase itself so enjoyable that they never change over their trailing hounds. Nevertheless, it is a good idea to acquaint your dog with gunfire so that he will not be frightened by it. You can do this by carrying along a shotgun (a .410 is better than a larger gauge at first because it makes less noise) and firing it from time to time when the dog is actually on a trail and at least 30 yards from you. In areas where game is scarce or cover is dense, beat the bushes with a stick as you walk along. Rabbits and other small game often sit tight at the approach of danger and can sometimes be routed out of hiding by such action. And always be on the alert for signs of game. You may see an animal take off before the dog is able to scent it. If you do, call him back to you and help him locate the trail.



The first hunt, being an older dog shows the pup the way.



Try to keep close to dog and use light game gun.



Beat bushes with a stick to drive out hidden game.

FOR MORE HOUND TRAINING, TURN PAGE

Drop-throated baying goes off trail, the snap of a whip cracks nearby, and the dog starts. (Continued from p. 54)

Running a fresh trail

When a collie starts a fresh trail, the snap of a whip cracks nearby, and the dog starts. (Continued from p. 54) When you start him on the trail by pointing out the way. You will know he is on a trail when you hear the drop-throated baying that all game hounds instinctively sound when they hit a fresh track. This is the climax of the chase and the reward for the many hours of training. For whether you hunt with a gun or for the chase alone, the muted cry of a tracker closing in on his quarry is one of the most exciting sounds in the field.

The dog's head is up, eyes are on the trail, and the dog is on the trail.

THE RETRIEVERS

*In the July 14 issue of **Country Club**, N.Y. draws upon a lifetime of waterfowl shooting and gun dog training to tell you how to train the retrieving breeds for the field.*

Dogs from the field on a trail on a waterfowl shoot.



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continued from page 11

into the lead, passing Ed Moran on the way. Coming out of the last turn, Greife kicked strongly and Burleson, moving out to get turning room, kicked, too. His long, still steady and controlled stride carried him by Greife easily, and he was 10 yards in front and pulling away at the finish.

"I just wanted to stay with Jim," he said later. "I was real surprised when I went by him in the stretch." Greife, utterly exhausted, wasn't. "I knew he was ready to go under 1:41," he said. "I feel bad. I know I've been in a race."

Max Trux, the jaunty little distance runner from USC, won a handsome victory in the 10,000 meters, then came back for third in the 5,000 meters. In the longer race, he participated along happily behind Al Lawrence for some 31 minutes, sometimes pulling up on Lawrence's shoulder, then dropping a step or two back, but always close enough so that he could hear Lawrence breathing. Then, as the gun sounded for the final lap, he pulled around Lawrence on the backstretch and won by 50 or 60 yards. The next day, in the 5,000 meters, he

stayed well back in the pack through the early part of the race, slipping by an occasional runner on the pole and apparently marking his time. Then, as the race drew near its close, and Ed Dellinger, the eventual winner, began to draw away, Trux was slowed momentarily as Miles Kneeman, running in front of him, began to falter. By the time Max had maneuvered around Kneeman, he had lost previous yards to Dellinger and Lew Stappin, the tall, strong Navy entry. By now the leaders were heading into the first turn of the last lap.

"I couldn't make up my mind to start my kick then," the cocky little Trux said later. "If I had, I might have caught them." He didn't begin to kick until the back straightaway, however, and by then Dellinger, a picture runner with a fluid stride and immense assurance, was kicking himself, pulling away from Stappin and Trux. Max made the effort anyway, but he could only close the gap a little and finished well back in third. It was an extraordinarily courageous race by Trux, who was sapped by the long run of the day before.

A handsome young Irishman from Manhattan parlayed courage and a fine tactical sense to victory in the 400-meter run, one of the finest races

of the meet. Tom Murphy is a thick-legged, heavy-chested runner whose build precludes any hint of grace in his running style; watching him, you get a feeling of immense power but none of the silky smoothness of a runner like, say, Dellinger. In the 800 meters, Murphy was worried about Jerome Walters, a slender, feathery-light runner from California.

"Off the trials, I knew he was the only one who had a real hit at the end," Murphy said. "I decided to stay with him and try to outkick him."

PLANNED ATTACK

Murphy followed his plan perfectly. He and Walters ran well off the whistling early pace set by Stanford's Ernie Conliffe which resulted in a 50.8 first quarter. ("Ernie has to try to run the kick out of the others," Payton Jordan, his coach, explained. "He doesn't have the essential speed to win kicking himself.") Murphy, pounding along relentlessly, moved by Conliffe at the beginning of the last turn, with Walters dogging his steps. Walters, who has a strong finishing burst, made his run at Murphy as they hit the turn, and Murphy stood him off. Then Walters tried again as they straightened into the



RAY HORTON, San Jose State's fine sprinter, races through tape in an AAC 200-meter dash by full stride. Horton, who also

won the 100-meter dash, was named the outstanding individual competitor in the national championship meet at Boulder.

home stretch and the big Irishman met that challenge, too, and turned it back as he pulled away in the final, gasping sprint for the finish line. He was sick for half an hour after the race.

"I knew it was now or never when he came at me the second time," Murphy said, when he had recovered. "I just thought about keeping my head down and running. I've got a tendency to throw my head back and it slows me down so I just thought about that. I can hold on longer with my head down."

Murphy's victory and his very good time—1:47.9—are significant because the 800-meter run, since the retirement of Tom Courtney and Arnie Sewell, appeared to be one of the weakest spots on the U.S. team. Now, with Murphy and Watson, it looks strong.

A combination of youth and experience makes the 400-meter run one of the strongest events for the U.S. Eddie Southern, the stylish, introspective runner from Texas, won this event easily, looking better than Ar has at any time this year. He judged his pace perfectly, making up ground on the field on both of the very tight turns on the Folsom Field track and coming down the home stretch under control and running easily. He runs the curves as well as anyone ever has. Dave Mills, the youngster from Ohio who has made the mistake most inexperienced runners make of flying through the first half of the race, held back too far this time. His wonderful last burst brought him up to second but left him well behind Southern. When he adjusts his tempo, Mills should be among the world's finest quarter-milers.

Hayes Jones, Eastern Michigan's superb hurdler, had trouble with tempo, too. He spent too much time in the air over the hurdles. Jones lost by an eye-blink to Lee Calhoun in the 110-meter high hurdles, then lost by the same margin to Charley Tidwell in the 200-meter race. Tidwell, a master at the difficult art of taking hurdles while running a curve, picked up considerable ground on Jones on the tight curve of this track and held off his rival down the long straight. Warren Cawley, a high-school boy from Michigan, performed a nearly incredible feat which was overlooked in the general excitement. Cawley, a black-haired, loose-dressed youngster, competing against the world's best hur-

dles, placed among the point scores in all three hurdle events, with third in the 200-meter race, fifth in the 110-meter high and sixth in the demanding 400-meter hurdles.

The field events followed form almost monotonously. Perry O'Brien, who can invest the shotput with all the drama of a western serial, posed, fidgeted, concentrated flamboyantly and then won his event. Al Oerter, the Olympic champion in the discus throw, won that. Mel Schwarz, who had never officially cleared 15 feet in the pole vault, did so in this meet and then went on to make 15 feet 3 inches, too, but he was only one of four men who did it. The winner, on the basis of fewer misses at 15 feet, was Don Bragg.

As everyone expected, Harold Connolly won the hammer throw; as anyone who thought about it expected, Bob Backus won the 56-pound weight throw. Charles Dumas, the American record holder, took the high jump almost casually, and Greg Bell the broad jump. Ernie Shelby, who competed in three events in the NCAA meet a week earlier, was off form for this event.

The steep-sloped, a diabolical event which includes a water jump, was won handsily by Phil Coleman, the American record holder, but the excitement in it was provided by the unfortunate Ike Matos. Attempting the first water jump, he tripped over the hurdle, somersaulted through the air to land on his back in the water. He lost his glasses in the feet-deep, murky water and spent a frantic minute scrambling for them while the field whirled around the track and approached the jump a second time. He retrieved the glasses just in time to avoid being trampled. The deathlike competitor (the injured Rafer Johnson has been invited to join the Philadelphia squad without the need to qualify) will be added to the 35 men already qualified.

All in all, by the time the meet was over, the American athletes had proved again that they are the best in the world. Of the 35 men chosen for the Russian meet, 15 were recruited from the surprisingly strong West Coast entries. The others hailed from the rest of the country. They will be back together again in July, when they meet the Russians. Last year the U.S. men won the first meet; they should, more easily, win the second.

30-KILOMETER WALK



RUDOLPH HALLA, winner: uses a quick, fast stride on levelled road track. **ROSS TIMMONS**, too, long, smooth, fast pace.

400-METER RELAY



RAY NORTON, **BOBBY FORSTER**, **FRANK REBBIEN** are certain members, **DAVE JONES** a probable fourth in a sprint-style team which should win easily as it pines against the Russian quartet.

1,600-METER RELAY



DAVE JONES, **DAVE MILLER** team with **DAVE JONES**, **JACK TERMAN** to make the U.S. combination favorite in this relay. The team has not been officially designated but this is likely choice.

THE RETURN OF THE PEACEMAKERS

The famous old Colt revolver should have died quietly 50 years ago, but today it is making more noise than ever as a gaudy TV gun and a dependable companion piece of American sportsmen

by COLE PHINIZY

In the living rooms of America, day and night, over every television channel, the old-shooters of the Old West speak up for law and order. There are experts of show business who say the peak is at hand and that the western shows eventually will pass and become, like the Brontosauruses and the St. Louis Browns, merely an interesting part of the record. There is no certain sign of the passing yet. The television westerns may not be art, but they are doing quite a job of selling cigarettes and supergasoline, fast-acting poisons and greaseless lotions, hair oil and wrapping foil and Sugarcouled Corn Pops. The opening and settling of the West is now allied intimately with the opening of sinuses and the settling of stomachs. The alliance, though a strange one, is at the moment unbreakable.

While selling all manner of new goods, unintentionally the westerns have also been promoting one very old, simple and sound item: the six-shooter that was invented 125 years ago by a 16-year-old Connecticut boy named Sam Colt. Although seldom used on television now (was then, Sam Colt's revolvers were the companion piece of the men who won the West. When the Colt designers first put out a good metal-cartridge gun in 1873, the new model retained virtually all the sound mechanics Sam Colt had perfected for percussion guns before he died in 1862. The 1873 model was officially known as Colt's New Model Army Metallic Cartridge Revolving Pistol, a name that was correct but about a mile too long and a trifle stuffy for such a bumptious gun.

Among Colt agents and the West-

erners the gun became known simply as the Colt .45, the Single Action Army, the Hag Leg, the Flow Handle, the Thumb Hunter, the Equalizer and, most famously, as the Peacemaker. During the heavy traffic west in the 1880s, Colt's company turned out an average of 8,000 Peacemakers a year. A half century later, in the 1930s, they averaged 349 a year and stopped production in 1940. Today Colt and three other companies now making guns along Peacemaker lines are selling 150,000 a year. Television has helped this surprising revival, but there is a more important reason: the quality of the Peacemaker and its modern rivals.

The Peacemaker was the most effective gun of its day. It is still safer than most and as durable as any. Except for one rod, one pin and a dozen screws, the first Peacemaker made in 1873 is identical to those that were sent abroad in 1941 to serve in the Battle of Britain and identical to those moving on the Colt assembly line today. Through its whole life, by being simple, the Peacemaker defied obsolescence. The year it was born there were already rival guns featuring such advantages as double action and multiple ejection, but in comparative field trials the Peacemaker hit harder and truer and lasted longer. In 1873 the Colt designers only wanted their baby to be the best single-action revolver ever. Today, though perhaps a bit hoarse from barking so much on television, baby is doing just fine.

All three of the modern guns that are belching smoke across the opposite page have the look of old Colts,

but only the uppermost one, the .22 Frontier Scout, actually is a Colt. The middle gun is the .22 Double-Nine made by High Standard, and the gun below it is the .22 "Single-Six" made by Sturm, Ruger & Company. When anyone imitated the Colt 100 years ago, in no time Colt's lawyers were upon the imitator like a pack of trained ferrets. For all that, if he were around now, Sam Colt would find something that pleased him in the modern Colt and its two counterparts.

If he took the modern Frontier Scout in hand, except for differences enforced by improved ammunition and some minor changes, Sam Colt would recognize his own work. In the Frontier Scout, the cylinder movement, the lockwork—the mechanical heart of any good gun—the grips, straps and frame are essentially like those of the Colts used by Zachary Taylor in Mexico, Robert E. Lee in Virginia and George Patton in France. The Frontier Scout is smaller than the Peacemaker, being designed on a seven-eighths scale as a safe and durable gun for the plinker, casual target man and the woodsman.

As a businessman whose patents are now impotent, Colt might rage at the sight of the rival Ruger "Single-Six." As an inventor he would be flattered. None of the Ruger parts is interchangeable with those of Colts; still, it is enough like a Colt to be a Colt. It retains the clean and simple mechanics that Sam Colt championed over 100 years ago. Considering the slow locktime inherent in all such single actions, the "Single-Six" is a surprisingly good target gun. It is a near-perfect field gun for a compe-

continued

NEWBORN ARMS on the opposite page are three of the modern revolvers patterned after the famous Colt Peacemaker: (from top to bottom) the Colt .22 Frontier Scout, the High Standard .22 Double-Nine and the Ruger .22 "Single-Six."

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test man, and like the old Colts, because of its weight, shape and balance, in an almost mystical way it seems to steady the novice hand.

Sam Colt was as good a salesman and showman as inventor. The rival .22 Double-Nine by High Standard would have appealed to his whole genius. At a first glance the Double-Nine seems to be a straight-line descendant of the Peacemaker. Functionally, it is at best a distant cousin, for it hides some fancier features behind the old western lines. The Double-Nine is capable of single or double action. The expert rest that would seem to operate, Colt-style, through a loading gate, actually works backward, allowing the cylinder to swing out so all chambers can be cleared simultaneously.

As often happens to multi-genius men, Colt is remembered only for part of what he was. In all the garbure his talents as a showman and salesman have been fairly well lost. Salvagers Sam differed from the more odious bucksters of his own and of this day: he had a conscience. When his gun was first developed and less than perfect, he never claimed it was a superior but only a better gun. When it was perfect, he pulled out all stops. Colt had only spotty schooling (he fled Amherst Academy after starting a fire with his bonfire explosives) and was a gunknapper, often getting the wrong number of *to* and *do* in the middle of his words. But he could use a coin the way his guns used lead. He gave his revolver a seal and almost the power to talk. In his ads Colt never named his competitors by name, but he left the impression that most rival guns had been designed by Neanderthals. A pre-Civil War ad spoke thus of Colt Revolving Breach Firearm: *Test them well and they will treat your ravine badly . . . They do not endanger your sight and brain as do the arms with patent primers, which fly like shells into enemy pieces. They do not stick fast, refusing to open or shut without the aid of an axe after loaded, as do guns that open like maltese gates or nut crackers. They have no forcing paper in the barrel to blow the next cartridge into your face as do guns which open from behind. . . . If you buy a*

Colt's rifle or pistol, you feel certain that you have one true friend, with no secrets on its body, and who can always be relied on.

Psychiatrists have analyzed the renewed interest in the Old West and western guns as escapism. There is doubtless some truth there. One psychiatrist, pressing to the limit, has declared that the western guns are sex symbols. Analysts in the past have said the same of baseball bats and fishing rods, and the whole country will be reduced to crash level shortly when some omniscient analyst notices that the MacGarger Company is selling 14 different sex symbols to American gals. On the western shows today, the heroes twirl their Peacemakers like batons and all of them can hit a playing card at 50 yards.



RECENT Imitation, the gas-purged H&M revolver (shown below an original Colt .45 Peacemaker in picture) offers target accuracy up to 35 feet.

This cheap use of the Peacemakers is no doubt helping to sell western guns and lubrication about them to many people who have not handled guns much. The Peacemaker can hit a playing card at 50 yards; it can also hit grandmother if the slug ricochets off a radiator pipe.

The strangest notion of the Old West that survives now is the fast draw. The fast draw had limited use in the West as it still does in law enforcement. On television it has become the key to success, the mark of a man, the peg to hang the plot on, the be-all and end-all of shooting. Before his death, thinking back on the lively days, Wyatt Earp, who helped clean up—and mess up—several famous western towns, rated the fast draw as a lesser gift. Recently Colonel Charles Atkins, an expert in all phases

of handgunning, observed that of the many old battles he had examined in authentic collections he found none shallow and staged right for the fast draw. They were designed more like Christmas stockings, to hold the gun. With the burgeoning of clubs devoted to the sport, the National Rifle Association reports an increase in accidents attributable to the fast draw. Even the wax slug propelled by a proper light load, as used by sensible fast-draw clubs, can put out an eye. The sport is based somewhat on the foolish notions of television. It should not be hung for that, but it may hang itself if it keeps making mistakes.

Sam Colt's Peacemaker is virtually a national symbol. The only objection an all-around gun fancier might have is that the glorification of the

Peacemaker has come at the expense of the Winchester that also served the West. On the thriller, the Winchester carbine has been assigned to the swarming Indians and the badmen, who anytime can be seen handling it like a garden rake. At 25 yards or 100 yards, no matter the range, the Winchester usually loses to the Peacemaker. Recently, marveling at the swath Peacemakers are now cutting on the air, Foster Starkey, chief products engineer of Colt, observed, "We have always felt it was a very good gun, but we never claimed it could hit at 100 yards when fired out the window of a bouncing stagecoach."

The Colt Peacemaker, like Paul Bunyan, is too big now ever to be cut down to size. Without reloading, the television heroes today can get up to a dozen shots from the six-shooters, and from the back of a galloping horse almost every hero can score at least one hit out of five. On *Rancho*, a weekly western that has a good flavor of the cattle drives, several months ago the trail boss, Eric Fleming, and his Peacemaker won an award over the hostile Winchester. The episode takes place on the Santa Rita Trail in 1889, five years before the Peacemaker was born. On other TV shows less dedicated to historical fact, Peacemakers are now playing an active part in the Civil War. It is all in all a remarkable feat, this Peacemaker that shoots so well before birth and so long after it should have died.

END

Strange Sounds in the Wilderness

**Even the most familiar noises
can become eerie out of doors**

EVEN to the most seasoned wildernessman there are sounds in the wilderness that are weird, often mysterious and frequently unexplainable. Most of the time, however, they are as reassuring and comforting to him as the rain, the glowing fire in his open fireplace. The common loon, for example, can frighten the wits from strangers to the woods with its marauding laughter or long sorrowful call. But its cry also symbolizes the wilderness and forms the very essence of the woodsman's long dream of the coming of spring. Loon, he knows, are the last to leave the wild lakes in the fall, and they show up in spring almost simultaneously with open water. The calls are heard at any time of day or night, and it is the loon that often breaks the fall to announce an approaching storm.

Whining and moaning noises, generally at night, can most often be attributed to coons or porcupines. Young coons fight and growl among themselves and are particularly noisy parents for instructions of local house rules, with a fine collection of soft cries invariably resulting.

Snuffling and grunting could be a bear. Heavy footfalls and the crash of an upset or flung garbage pail are reminiscent of wildness. They say a bobcat screams, and oldtimers have sworn to it. It is written that a muskrat has really, once and that at certain times of the year a bear will squeal like a pig. I have not personally identified any of these wilderness sounds; and I would have to say the label on the jar of wilderness labels I would believe it wasn't as odd.

A fox barking can make you pretty nervous the first time you hear it. So can a deer blowing. And it is true that a fox and a deer sound similar. The deer blowing makes a very sharp and *lunatic when?* It is explosive

and alarming—but the deer is the one who is alarmed. The *when?* is made by the deer expelling air from its nostrils preparatory to drawing in fresh air—when it well clearly the scent of approaching danger.

The *when?* sounds, the tiny sounds, are constant, especially at night when noises are intensified. The sound of footsteps that you might think are coming from the back of the woods isn't after all. It is four feet from your ear, and it is a mouse prowling through the dead leaves along the outside cabin wall.

HOW SOUNDS INVADE

In the dawn hours, I have been alerted by the doings of strange invaders on the cabin roof. These invaders are certain to be raccoons and red squirrels—a signal that it is time to light the fire in the cabin stove. But if I doer again, I might awake to hear the little sound of rustling—and with it a low growling and creaking down by the lake. There is a thumping, most heavy bodies. The waves are moving the driftwood on shore, and a tube and bang against the rocks and against itself. On a windy night a high water, distant can sing a mighty dirge.

The shrieking whistle of an osprey, the steam explosion in a wet log on the fire, a thousand mosquitoes drumming outside the window screen, the sharp slap of a beaver's tail on the lake, the ghoulish squeak of a raven, the guttural thumping noise from the throat of the beaver—called thunder purper—all contribute to the stranger's apprehension till he has them filed and classified in his acquired sense. Then he leaves them, as I now do, and he waits for them.

Long Jim Hendry, an adventure writer of the '30s, tells the story of camping on a river bank with my friend, Frank Reek. A whippoorwill, unseen by the nightbird, landed in a tree not far from their tent and started

continued



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America's National Sports Weekly

STRANGE SOUNDS continued

sounding off: "Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will..."

Frank described the sound as "surrealistic, uncanny," and I heard kept it up for two solid hours until the campers were back out of their tents. Then, suddenly, the bird cried "whip-poor" and stopped dead right there. The last syllable never came. The effect was more devastating on the men's nerves than the cacophony that had preceded it.

I know an oldtimer who speaks in his cabin one night and heard someone under his bunk. The sound was unmistakable. The stranger, under the bunk was wounded unto death and uttering groans. There was a bad moment while the oldtimer investigated. But the dying man turned out to be his board dog who had crept under the bunk, gone to sleep and was having a bad dream. Some explanations are that simple.

The weirdest sound I ever heard in the wilderness was the ringing of a telephone. As always, I was looking forward to getting back to my cabin deep in the northern woods and had written to Al Foster, my nearest and only neighbor: "Only 144 days to the first loco call, and wood smoke from the chimney."

One day, about a week after I had got back to my cabin, I was splitting cedar for kindling when I was suddenly stunned by the ringing of a telephone bell. And the nearest telephone was—and is—29 miles away. Al Foster said I rose four feet off the ground. Al had hid under the cabin porch with an old-fashioned tin horned up to some dry cell batteries. He had been planning the gag for months.

In the wind-searing darkness, tree limbs rubbing on the cabin roof or against other tree limbs can produce some similar and disconcerting noises. But a big sound, one of lonely power and violence, is that of a huge tree falling on a silent, windless night. The stresses and strains, the laws of gravity and decay, have finally taken their toll. The big tree goes down, crashing the limbs of smaller trees, sending and tearing, its great weight making a cataclysmic transfer as it smites the earth that grew it.

SUMMERED STYL

Through the years I have learned to identify most of the weird or startling noises I hear in the wilderness surrounding my cabin. But now and then one fools me completely, as in the case of the loud, metallic bang which occurred one night. It sounded like someone hitting an iron wash tub with a crowbar, and it happened twice within a very few minutes.

Our wash tub was under cover. So was our crowbar.

"It's the gasoline drum, contracting in the cool air," I said.

"No," said my wife. "We took the gas drum to town last trip."

The sound remained a mystery that haunted us for days. But like most strange noises in the forest, its origin was harmless—at least to man. It seems that my friend Al had left one of his Gramman canoes a hundred yards down the lake shore from our cabin. In the night, a couple of dead limbs from a rotting beech tree had broken and coked the aluminum hull. Even to us old hands in the woods the bangs proved a little too eerie for comfort.

—KEITH WARD SMITH



OLYMPIC WISDOM AND NAIVETE

Sir:

Mr. Brundage's reply to his critics that "the Olympic Committee recognizes only strong organizations and strong governments" (*This Day in a Cloud* about Politics, 31, June 15) is an admirable working proposition for the Olympic organization. Too bad that Mr. Brundage and his fellow executive leaders appear to have abandoned it completely.

At the time of the Melbourne Games both the Republic of China (the Nationalists, on Formosa) and the People's Republic of China (the Peking government on the mainland) had an international sports organization. Both were invited to the 1968 games by the Olympic Committee: the Republic of China accepted, the People's Republic withdrew. That was their privilege; Switzerland and Holland at one time also withdrew their delegations to protest over the Hungarian massacres. The point is, however, that both Chinese international sports organizations were asked.

Now what has happened? In effect, the International Olympic Committee has said to the Republic of China, "If you change your name to conform with the political realities of the world, we will see you again in 1980; otherwise, we will not." This is politics of the crassest sort, and it is one of the real international imperfections of the games, poorer politics at the most naive and arbitrary. It is not enough to have men of good will running the big things in this world; we need men of good will and wisdom.

J. A. SHARROW

New York

Sir:

May we congratulate you on your fine presentation of the Olympic dilemma? Can't imagine why Mr. Brundage and his cronies couldn't have figured this out for themselves.

BARRY MINTZBERG

Los Angeles

Sir:

As I interpret the IOC decision, athletes from the mainland of China will represent China and athletes from the island of Formosa will represent Formosa.

If you agree with the principle of the Olympic Games, you agree with that decision.

WILLIAM TYLER

Loveland, Colo.

Sir:

There's nothing to stop Formosa from representing Formosa in the Olympics. Saying that it represents China is an ridiculous as saying that the Isle of Man represents England.

BOB KIMMERS

Los Angeles

Sir:

You attack the recent stand of the International Olympic Committee, chaired by Mr. Brundage, on the very troublesome China issue. While you are certainly entitled to your opinions you have in my opinion grossly misrepresented the facts of the matter.

It has always seemed to me that China as a geographical expression means the large part of the Asian land mass where some 800 million or so Chinese people live. Does it make sense to recognize Taipei as China when it clearly controls only the sports activities of the 10 million or so who live on Taiwan?

The IOC has made a great effort to avoid the political issue involved and recognize both Chinese sports organizations. It has explicitly refused to recognize Peking as controlling sport on Taiwan, and it has also told Taipei that it cannot be recognized as the body controlling sport on the mainland.

The IOC has been forced only by the (obviously politically inspired) maneuverings and intransigence of the two parties involved into the unfortunate position of recognizing one body to be recognized as China. It has in fact recognized that Peking, controlling all of what our geographers and atlases tell us is China, is entitled to be recognized as China, thus coming to grips with reality. In fact, the IOC ignores the political question of the legality of the governments in question.

PAUL LAMMERS

Madison, Wis.

■ We repeat what we said in our June 15 editorial: "It is not the function of the Olympic Committee now to decide what government represents whom or what the government chooses to call itself. Brundage and his IOC fellows can and should say to both Chiang Kai-shek and Mao Tse-

tung, 'Gentlemen, your athletes, by whatever name you choose to call them, are welcome in our games, provided they conduct themselves as sportsmen. This is not a political arena, however, and anyone who plans to make it one had better stay home.' In much a stand, the Olympians might even set an example for the politicians. As it is, they have proved themselves only foolish and inept on a field where they should not be playing at all."—ED.

Sir:

Not only has Avery Brundage seen fit to deny the integrity and judgment of the governments of the Free World but he also condemns a dual standard for amateur athletes.

The West, and in particular the U.S., must conform to extremely rigid rules to permit qualification for the Olympics while the Communists like can seemingly violate anything that remotely resembles amateurism.

Mr. Brundage is a tired old man who has served his purpose. And in order that some semblance of order and conformity can be attained in Olympic regulations, this man must go. His most recent outburst indicates that his warped sense of righteousness has entangled athletics and politics into a needless and almost unsolvable mess.

LAURENCE E. STEWART
Marshfield, Mass.

THE HURDLE HURDLE

Sir:

A classic maneuver practiced in the ancient Greek Olympic games, known as the hurdle hurdle, has been noticed here at Montebello Senior High School recently. The event is one requiring the recent rule of telephone-booth jumping (EVANS & EVANS OLYMP, April 6), but its origins are of course immemorially older. Twenty lads were willing to risk their necks to set this new record. A standard 40-inch hurdle was used, lugs with pointed heads were not considered eligible and no artificial lubricants such as mud or oil were permitted. "This is unbecoming at its best," said Coach Dick Reese, "and the hurdle is damaged."

ROBERT HUNTER

Montebello, Calif.

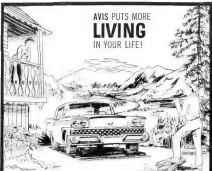
HALL OF FAME: FACTS AND FANCY

Sir:

If Joe Judge's article (*Clash*) against the Hall of Fame, 31, June 8, does nothing but get Sam Rice into the Hall of Fame it has accomplished a real purpose. Years ago I saw him play many times.

EDWARD GALT





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18TH HOLE continued

There was also a fellow by the name of How Young who used to play right field for the Giants. He never did any fancy, colorful things, but he had a magnificent arm, he always threw to the right base, he was the best three-and-two hitter in the game and he came through in the clutch. John McGraw said he was the best ballplayer he ever had. That wraps him up for me.

ROBERT M. WOOD, JR.

Uniontown, N.J.

Size:

Any pitcher who has won 300 games should automatically be admitted. I can't understand why Pud Galvin with 263 wins, Tim Lincecum with 216 wins, John Clarkson with 323 wins and Mickey Werth with 210 wins were not elected to the Hall of Fame years ago.

DAVID HINE

Phoenixville, Pa.

Size:

Really good players who were great athletes (but whose fall by the wayside because they can't boast of their prize slippings). At this rate, why not admit Ford Merkle to the Hall of Fame for the famous beanball made that cost the New York Giants the 1905 pennant?

However, there is one instance in which I disagree with Mr. Judge. That is his disagreement (as described in *Money*) to the Hall of Fame. This man has won only 189 games in his short career, but he was a truly great player and well deserving of the honor.

STEPHEN WILLIAMS

Pasadena, Calif.

Size:

It seems a tremendous waste that Mr. Judge used such a quantity of words to express what I understand to be his central thought. It appears that Mr. Judge is saying that requirements for entry to the Hall of Fame should be at least one of the following: a minimum batting average, fielding average, number of home runs, number of stolen bases, number of assists, etc.

If he has this suggestion, why has he been of the Hall of Fame was just that—the most famous, whether that fame was achieved through fact or fiction. I hope the standards set by the Hall of Fame are elevated to reflect the greatness and contribution of those players and not just the most outstanding of those regarded as the personality of the individual.

JOHN D. HARRINGTON III

Pittsburgh

Size:

If I were to follow the rule Mr. Judge suggests, we should change the name of the Hall of Fame to something like Baseball's Hall of Virtual Statistics. Baseball's Hall of Records. Then they ought to set up a hard and fast rule that, should a player strike or a pitcher throw, maintain high enough batting and fielding averages, have enough RBIs and home runs, etc., he would be automatically admitted. In that case many players would never make it, from his record, he would be in.

If we are to have a Hall of Fame then, I assume, a player's "name" should gain

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JOAN ROBINSON HILL AND BELOVED BELINDA

'Once in a lifetime'

The hard played *Ash Long Spas*, the big crowd cheered and there were moist eyes all around the arena as the gray mare, wearing a blanket of red roses, was led around the show ring by her owner, Joan Robinson Hill of Houston was officially retiring her spectacular 11-year-old mare Beloved Belinda at Houston's Pin Oak Charity Horse Show.

The combination of the beautiful mare shown by her equally decorative owner has been one of the most successful in recent show history—together they have taken more than 55 blue ribbons and four five-gaited

world championships in the amateur division. Joan Robinson Hill has owned horses since she was 3, fell in love with Belinda when she was serving as equitation judge at Baton Rouge. Like all good show horses, Belinda is occasionally temperamental in the ring: "She knows she's on." Mrs. Hill owns two other promising show horses, "but I'll never have another like her; it's only once in a lifetime you get a horse like Belinda." But Lee Roby, Belinda's trainer, hopes for the best; retired to pasture in his care, Belinda is expected to produce her first foal this January.



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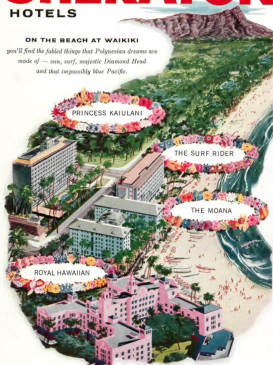
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